THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MAY 1, 1909 — 5cts. THE COPY

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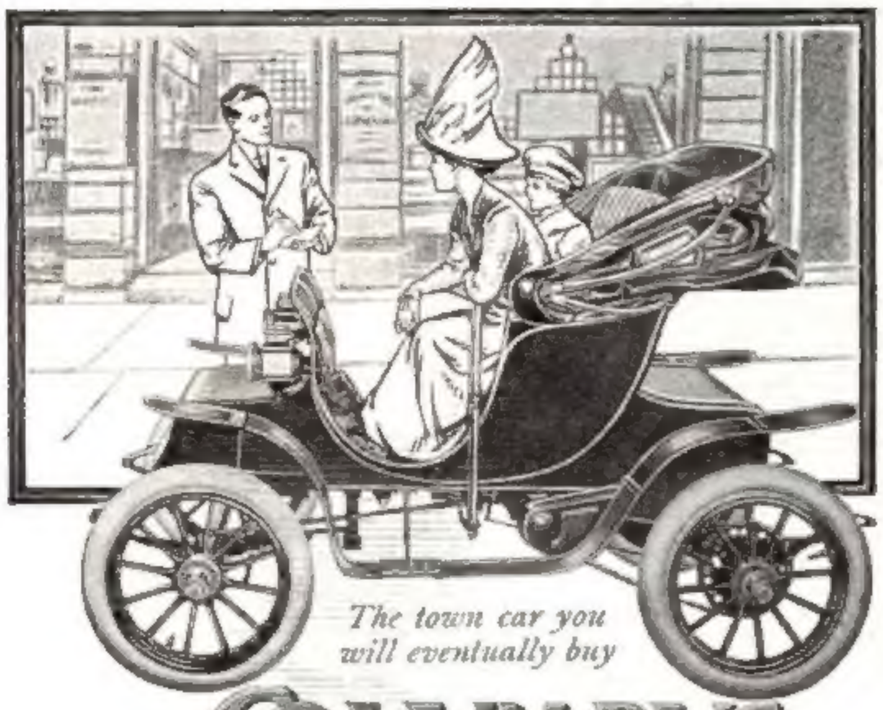

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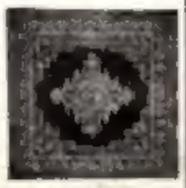

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Crackers and beans are among them.

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Beans baked at home are mushy and broken—crisped on the top and half baked in the middle.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 181 — PHILADELPHIA, MAY 1, 1909 — Number 44

THE McGREGOR ROSE

By Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"These Gents are on the Case With Me," Pursued Stapleton

MR. BOBBY STAFFORD boarded at Clifton Castle the local train to New York, unaware that certain decisions of his—decisions already consummated—would surely lead to certain definite adventures. These decisions in the past and adventures in the future centered about a certain little case of black Russia leather, which was the cause of his journey to New York.

For instance: had he elected, as was his first impulse, to carry it in the inner pocket of his tightly-buttoned coat, he would have found himself close—over close—to a very distasteful personal encounter. Two men, arguing with animation in the parlor-car seats before his, would have passed from argument to the lie direct, and from the lie to blows. It is likely that Bobby, being a youth of courage and of quick spirit, would have rushed in to separate them for the reassurance of the women passengers. Had he hesitated to do that—remembering, perhaps, the little Russia-leather case—the struggle would have been so stage-managed as to hem him in between the swivel chairs of the parlor car. In that position he would have taken such accidental buffets from the struggling combatants as would have roused the young spirit in him, made him blind with insult. At that moment the upper buttons of his coat would have fallen apart as though automatically. The train would have stopped at Larchmont just then; the trainmen would have taken a hand to quell the fight; and a stout, florid gentleman with a gray mustache, who himself had helped to restore peace, would have dropped naturally off at the station. Bobby would have thought of his precious parcel, would have assured himself by touch and weight that it was still in his pocket. But when at the offices of the Rapid Transit Safe Deposit Company in New York he unwrapped it, he would have found a package just like it, but empty.

Going back to Bobby Stafford's decisions: suppose that he had elected to carry it in his old, battered suitcase. This decision would have produced results just as definite. Near Larchmont, the stout, florid gentleman with the gray mustache would have engaged him in conversation. Bobby, wheeling to answer these pleasant advances, would have remembered the suitcase and what it contained, and shifted it to a point before his feet. A moment later, the man behind them would have stood up and reached for his bag, which rested in the rack overhead. An awkward slip—and it would have dropped on Bobby Stafford's shoulder. Recriminations—profuse apologies—Bobby's attention held for a quarter of a minute by the awkward man in front. Meantime, the stout, florid gentleman with the gray mustache would have stooped, covering the suitcase on the floor from the gaze of the passengers, would have opened clasps and lock with motions so expert that they seemed all one, would have extracted the little Russia-leather case, and replacing it by another, its duplicate in size and appearance, would have closed the suitcase. Then, as the train drew up at Larchmont, he would have cried "my station!" and departed with a hurried, sympathetic good-by. Perhaps Bobby might have remembered that his attention had wandered for a moment from that suitcase; perhaps he might have opened it furtively to reassure himself. He would have found the Russia-leather case in place; and he would have traveled on in security of mind—until the awful moment before the vaults of the Rapid Transit Safe Deposit Company.

Perhaps—oh, but Bobby might have made a half a dozen moves, each with its perfect check. There is no one device for such things; the artist in abstracting his neighbor's goods has a hundred devices, twenty of them adapted to any given set of circumstances; further, the artist improvises. Whatever means Bobby Stafford might have taken to transport that little case of Russia leather, he was in a net of fate from the moment when he took passage, alone, on a local train to New York.

As it fell, then, it all happened in this manner:

The day before he started on his errand, Bobby bought a little hand-sewn pigskin bag from the haberdasher in Clifton Castle. That tradesman supplied "the very best" trade; he carried a small but select line. It was a smart little bag. Bobby bought it, really, with his mind on the mission of the Russia-leather case; though he had need of it, too, in his personal travel. He ordered the clerk to inscribe his initials "R. R. S." upon it. A pair of eyes watched him through this transaction. They were not set, those eyes, in the head of a stout, florid gentleman with a gray mustache. No, the stout, florid gentleman entered the store late that same afternoon and overhauled all the hand-luggage before he settled on a bag just like Bobby's. He ordered the initials "R. S." painted upon it in a great hurry—he must catch a train that night. The clerk, a jack-of-all-trades, lettered it while he waited. That night, in the seclusion of his hotel room, the stout, florid gentleman with the gray mustache prefixed an "R.," the duplicate of the other in size and design, to "R. S."

"There's quite a run on those No. 5 bags," said the clerk to the proprietor as they packed up that evening. Only so much impression did the kernel of the Stafford robbery make upon these people.

Bobby settled himself in the parlor car on that day when he walked into the net of fate; and the stout, florid gentleman settled just behind him. Bobby kept one foot on his bag. The newspapers were dull. Five minutes from Cos Cob he yawned, glanced for a moment at the snowy landscape, picked up his bag, and started for the smoking compartment to have a cigarette. The stout, florid gentleman took up the duplicate bag, which he had concealed under a carelessly-dropped newspaper, and followed into the smoking-room. Just before he entered he stooped and put down the bag outside the door. He disposed himself near Bobby, and was taking out his cigar-case, when another man entered the compartment. The newcomer picked up a glass, filled it from the ice-water tank, and lifted it to his lips. Suddenly the glass dropped from his hands and broke on the floor. He clutched the back of a seat; his knees gave under him; and he sank toward the floor. Bobby, attracted by the noise of breaking glass, looked up. He saw that the stranger's eyes had rolled upward until only the whites showed between the lids; also, a foam was bubbling through his closed lips. "An epileptic fit!" thought Bobby; and he sprang to catch the afflicted man before he should fall. Moaning horribly, the stranger clutched at Bobby, held his wrist with a desperate grip, and slipped out of all holding to the floor.

As Bobby sprang, the stout, florid gentleman became all action. With a movement so fast that it might be called a spring, yet so smooth that it was rather a glide, he gained the door, picked up the duplicate bag, stepped across the struggle on the floor, exchanged his bag for Bobby's, slipped Bobby's outside the door. Three seconds later Bobby looked up. The stout, florid gentleman was holding out a glass of water.

"Dash this in his face!" he said. "I'll go look for a doctor." And he was gone.

Just then the train stopped at Cos Cob. Bobby—who had thought to glance back and assure himself that his bag was all right—was too busy with the demoniac on the floor to see that the stout, florid gentleman had got off the train, bag in hand.

The stricken man revived suddenly after the train left Cos Cob. He protested to Bobby and the conductor that he did not need a doctor. He had these seizures periodically. He begged his good Samaritans not to make any fuss about it. He was leaving the train at Larchmont, where he would get a carriage home. In fact, he did get off at Larchmont, thanking Bobby with reserve and yet with gratitude.

Bobby, when he was gone, thought to open his bag and peep in. The Russia-leather case was still there. No suspicion assailed his mind until he produced that case before the McGregor vault in the office of the Rapid Transit Safe Deposit Company, took the proper key from his watch pocket, and tried to open it. The key did not fit. At last (on the advice of a clerk) he pried the case open. It was empty.

That night two men sat long in the lobby of Mike Kelly's Sporting Hotel in New Haven. One of them was he who threw the epileptic fit. Their expressions, as the evening wore away and no one came, shifted from distrust to anxiety. Occasionally, when no one else sat near, they shot a few hurried sentences at each other. For instance, he who had thrown the epileptic fit said:

"Well, I know I didn't make no mistake. We was all to beat it here as soon as we got away. *He* can't be pinched—it was us as stood to get the hook if the Willieboy had tumbled."

"He's double-crossed us!" said the other. "He done it once before ——"

"If he has," he added, "if he has—after me fixing my end in Antwerp—I'll ——"

"You'll do nothing until you've copped the swag," said the accomplished epileptic. "What's the good till you git *that?* Then fix him." Seven times he clenched and

unclenched the fingers of his right hand, until the digits counted thirty-five. "And rose," he added, "and a five-carat fancy red out of the heart as nobody *can* identify — besides the little ones."

"I'll git it out of him if it's me last job!" declared the other.

II

BEHIND the closed shutters of the Eagle Hotel in Clifton Castle a woman sat surveying the snowy street with a pair of opera-glasses. She was a half-elderly woman, but mightily pleasing withal, both to her own sex and the other. Her stoutness ran with a certain gliding ease of movement, so you noticed first that she was graceful and only second that she was stout. Her flesh did not overload her—it clothed her. Her abundant brown hair was just flecked with the foam of middle age. One could not have wished it gone, that suggestion of gray, it so matched the sunlight of her fine, gray eyes. There was something curious about those eyes, too; they were the most striking and yet the least attractive of her features. They had a queer trick of looking far away. For the rest, she had the blessing of three dimples, two in the right cheek and one in the left—dimples which time had foreborne to make creases—and her plump forearms ran into small, soft hands of long lines.

A sign just without the shutters proclaimed her name and business:

MME. ROSALIE LE GRANGE
Psychic and Clairvoyant

A complication of business which was almost accident had brought her to Clifton Castle. At the end of a profitable and roving summer she had rested for two weeks at the Rosedale spiritualist camp-meeting. There she had engineered a trade in "testbooks" with John B. Spellman, the crystal-gazer and palmist. Two years before Spellman had "played" the Connecticut towns along the line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford. A systematic person, he had set down in his indexed notebook all the information which he gathered from "sitters," from the graveyards, and from town gossip. Making her way back to Brooklyn for her winter trumpet séances with Professor Beach, Rosalie Le Grange lingered by the way to play short engagements in these Connecticut towns. She had been in Clifton Castle for two days; and trade was beginning to come in.

The sweep of Madame Le Grange's opera-glasses took in an automobile approaching swiftly, driven by a smart chauffeur. Its only passenger was a slight, blond girl in her early twenties. Her eyes, wandering apathetically along the house fronts, stopped for a perfunctory instant at Madame Le Grange's sign. Then the automobile passed on. It did not go far. Suddenly it slowed down, came backing under Madame Le Grange's window, grazed the gutter—stopped. The girl leaned forward, gave some directions to the chauffeur and alighted.

"Good Lord, she's coming in!" Rosalie thought. Ignoring the girl still hesitating on the sidewalk, she trained her glasses on the gate of the touring-car. The simple monogram read, "McG."

Rosalie dropped the glasses and hurried to a desk in the corner. From a pile of notebooks she extracted the one labeled "Clifton Castle," opened the index on "McG," and read:

McGregor, Mrs. Elizabeth Knight, widow. Rich. Don't go to séances. Has husband Donald, d. 1896, and son Willard, d. 1893, aged 7, in spirit. Daughter Margaret, about 22, in flesh. Donald McGregor, b. Scotland, wool importer. Collected books and diamonds. Owned McGregor Rose, big famous diamond, now in widow's possession. Never made family bite for sittings, but used McGregor as fine fancy touch for town dopes.

The bell rang. Rosalie Le Grange threw the notebooks back into the desk and locked it before she disposed herself in a chair and called, "Come in." Entered the young woman of the automobile.

Rosalie's profession brought her into contact with women of all kinds and classes, but it was not often that fish such as this came to her net. For many reasons Rosalie felt all that was not professional in herself warming to her at once. The girl's manner had that mixture of sincerity, simplicity and directness which Rosalie believed indicated the highest breeding. Moreover, she was pretty — Rosalie's heart softened always to beauty in her own sex—and so fair that her skin seemed transparent. These ultra-blondes show all their griefs and joys on the surface. It was plain, for instance, that this one had both worried and wept. It was Rosalie's experience that women of the intelligent class came to her for one of four reasons — threatened disgrace, love troubles, a recent death, loss of property. She considered them, one by one, as she studied her customer with an all-inclusive eye.

"I came," the girl began in a voice which tried to be businesslike. Suddenly she hesitated and stopped short. Two big tears gathered at the tips of her eyelashes, detached themselves, and rolled down her cheeks like crystal over porcelain. Her mouth trembled like a child's. "I am in very great trouble," she said. "I don't know

Bobby Bought it, Really, With His Mind on the Mission of the Russia-Leather Case

exactly how I happened to come to you. I started out this morning to see my pastor and ask him what to do; but, somehow, when I got there I couldn't say a word about it. I was coming past here on my way home when I saw your sign. And—and—it was very strange—I don't understand it—something seemed to tell me to come up to see you. Perhaps it's because, away down in my heart, I don't want to talk with a man at all—I want to talk with a woman. Oh, do you think you can help me?"

"Of course I can, dear!" Rosalie answered. Face and voice were soft with sympathy. Putting back an impulse to talk it all over without recourse to the spirit world, Rosalie slipped into her professional manner. Her gray eyes took a far-away expression. One last, sharp glance had examined the bag, monogramed with "M. McG," hanging at the girl's side. She ventured to shoot an arrow into the air.

"You came for advice about a trouble that ain't far from the affections. Ain't that so"— a slight pause here, and then, in an impersonal whisper—"Margaret?"

The girl started.

"Margaret McGregor!" added Rosalie in a lower whisper.

The girl sank into a chair. "Why, how perfectly wonderful," she gasped; "but then I suppose you might have learned my name. Everybody knows me here."

"But nobody in the flesh told me your name," whispered the psychic. "A little boy in the spirit world tells me. His name's Willard. He's right over your head now an' he told me that it's him guided you to come to me today. Oo-oo!" This expletive was half moan, half sigh. Rosalie shook herself and assumed for a moment her normal voice.

"Oh, please go on," the girl begged. "It is true—I had a little brother named Willard."

"I'm probably going into a trance, dear," Rosalie explained. "The entrance to the trance state is accompanied by contortions. Don't you be scared. Remember it hurts me more to go through it than it scares you to watch it. Just trust yourself to the influences, an' don't hinder my controls by attitudes of skepticism. My control is Laughing Eyes, the Indian maid. She speaks with a child's voice. Now help me, dear, for I'm passin' out. Walla-tonna-gub-ik-woof!" Her muttering died away and the voice of a child spoke silvery clear from her throat:

"Good-morning, Margaret! Oo! Willard is here! Willard says for you not to be worried about it, and above all not to have any doubts. Willard says that way down in your heart you haven't any real doubts. It's only what the others say ——"

"That's it," broke in the girl excitedly. She dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief for a moment. Then she sat up very straight, an angry color drifting into her cheek. "Oh, I'm so glad I came. It never has entered my head to doubt him, but ——" Miss McGregor stopped abruptly, as if fearful of committing herself.

"It's the other thing," Rosalie added, employing one of the vaguest of her conjectural phrases. "If only the other thing could be cleared up."

"Oh, do you think you could find it for me?" the girl asked in a beseeching tone.

"Laughing Eyes will try. Laughing Eyes will try very, very hard. Laughing Eyes loves Margaret."

The voice died down. Behind her closed eyes, her expressionless face, Rosalie was thinking hard. It was a lost thing then, in addition to a lover's mix-up. But what? From under her long eyelashes Rosalie ventured a glance at the girl's left hand. A big diamond glittered there from a setting of gold, obviously new. She had not lost her engagement ring, at any rate. Rosalie played for time.

"Donald's here," she said.

"Oh," exclaimed the girl, "he's come to help me! Ask him. He'll find it! He loved it."

Rosalie's mind, battling with the whole field of conjecture, went back to the testbook for facts about Donald. Donald—the diamond-collector. Why could it be—*could it be* the McGregor Rose? It must be. And yet she must go very slowly.

"I see something pretty," said the voice of Laughing Eyes. "Donald shows it to me. It's something pretty that Laughing Eyes wants to play with. Awful pretty. Oo! It just shines all the time!"

The eyes of Miss McGregor widened, the lines of her face rippled with stress of emotion, and then, as if from an impulse of caution—"What color is it?"

"Pink," Rosalie said promptly.

"Oh, you've got it. You've got it!" the girl cried delightedly. "Now you must find it for me. Ask Father where it is!"

Laughing Eyes took a sudden shift of tack.

"Dreadful bad man steal it!" said the baby voice.

"Was it stolen, then?" The voice of Miss McGregor came low and sharp. Laughing Eyes shifted ground with celerity.

"I see it in a dark place far from here," said Laughing Eyes vaguely. "No light but the light it makes. Oh, it's pretty!"

"Are the others with it?" asked Miss McGregor quickly.

"It's hard to see," Laughing Eyes asserted. "I'm trying drefful hard. It's so much brighter than the others. Laughing Eyes thinks all the pretties are there, though."

Rosalie, glimpsing again through those long lashes, the most valuable physical adjunct of her craft, saw by the intent attitude of her sitter, by her look of wild, curious anxiety, that this was the time to strike for confidences and ——

"You tell me!" said Laughing Eyes. "You tell me, pretty lady! My medie has to work awful hard to learn things. You tell her, 'cause we need all our strength to find where the pretties are. I see a dark place far away. Maybe I see more after a while!"

Miss McGregor did not hesitate. Her confidence rolled out of her in a burst.

"It's been stolen! I knew it! You see, Mamma would keep it, with the other jewels of Papa's which we had left, in the vault at the house. After the burglars tried to break in last month I told Mamma that it was too dangerous to keep it in a lonely place like ours. But she had a kind of superstition about it. I worried. Finally, I talked it over with—Bobby ——"

"Margaret likes Bobby!" broke in the elfin voice of Laughing Eyes. "Margaret likes Bobby lots!" A blush rippled over the drawn lines in Miss McGregor's face, died down.

"That is true," she said. "We are—we were—engaged ——"

"An' somethin' come between you," gurgled Laughing Eyes.

Miss McGregor stared again.

"That is true. I made up my mind to take it into my own hands. I have the keys to our safe-deposit box in New York, and I decided that was the place for the McGregor Rose and six matched diamonds which we kept in the vault. I intended to say nothing to Mamma until it was done. Mamma is curious that way. She won't let me do many things, but when they're done she approves of them. And I couldn't think of a better messenger than Bobby."

"Who talked?" put in Laughing Eyes.

"Oh, not Bobby!" cried Miss McGregor. "Don't tell me it was Bobby!"

"No," said Laughing Eyes gravely. "I sense it was somebody else. Was it somebody in a servant's position?" Had Miss McGregor been less overwrought and anxious she might have noticed that Rosalie almost slipped out of the child voice into her own natural soprano. Rosalie herself did notice it, and she slid back into the child voice with: "Pretty hard to see. My medie ain't strong enough today!"

"I'm afraid that was it," said Miss McGregor. "The servants knew. We discharged a butler just then. The detectives say that he wasn't a criminal, but just a fool. He talked about it in the village. I'm afraid we were all fools. At any rate, Bobby packed the Rose and all the diamonds in their case, and put the case into a new bag which he had just bought in the village. That's all —

except that when he got to the vault the diamonds weren't there. It doesn't seem to be the same case, but it's certainly the same bag. Bobby is sure of that. I can tell you no more."

"You tell me an' my medie what p'liceman say!" gurgled Laughing Eyes.

"Mamma suspects Bobby. And she says she'll never, never let me marry him until he proves he isn't a thief. But she won't have him arrested because we are—or were—engaged; besides, she liked his father. She doesn't want any one arrested—she dreads getting into the newspapers. So, for the present she hasn't told the regular police at all. She's put the case into the hands of a detective agency—the Hennessy Agency."

Rosalie started perceptibly, but she adroitly merged the movement into one of the convulsive wriggles with which she entered or left the trance condition.

"Laughing Eyes don't like those detective-mens!" she insinuated craftily. "Willard says not to be discouraged, pretty lady Margaret—everything will come out all right——" She stopped, and a series of shudders ran through her frame. She opened and shut her eyes rapidly a half a dozen times, rubbed them, stared about the room, let them drop with a surprised start upon her customer. "Was the séance satisfactory?" she asked.

"Perfectly," said Miss McGregor. "Oh, I cannot tell you how you've helped me and how grateful I am to you." She took Rosalie's hand and stood for an instant holding it, her gratitude shining in her eyes. "It was a lucky impulse that led me to you today—and oh, I'm so glad that I came! I feel ashamed when I think that I've made fun of things like this. But you may be very sure that I never will again. You've made me so hopeful—I don't know how to thank you."

All that was woman in Rosalie responded to this girlish trustfulness. Again she put back an impulse to talk this thing out on lines of plain, feminine common-sense. But she smothered it, as she had the previous one. And, in an instant, the professional patter was slipping glibly from her tongue.

"I'm glad Laughing Eyes was able to help you. Of course, I ain't got the least idea what she said. The medium is only an instrument, you know. She don't have the least idea what's going on any more than the wire knows what people are telephoning. Laughing Eyes has helped you once; she can help you again an' help you a great deal more. Spiritualistic conditions has to be nursed like a hothouse plant. You can't never tell, though. Sometimes Laughing Eyes will give you more an' sometimes less, but the chances are the better she knows you the better the conditions'll be. Yes, come any afternoon, but just 'phone me to make sure. Yes, two dollars, please! Thank you!"

III

"TROUBLES and sitters comes in bunches," was a professional maxim of Rosalie Le Grange. Hard upon the departure of Miss McGregor, and while Rosalie sat still soft of expression with vicarious romance, the door rattled again. There entered a strongly-built man of a rather heavy countenance and a roving black eye. A stubbly mustache finished off his face. A red tie over a lavender shirt, a blue "diagonal" suit, a ruby-and-gold scarfpin and a diamond ring, suggested considerable worldly prosperity without equivalent taste. Rosalie's all-including glance, disguised by an expression of one who looks through the flesh and sees the spirit behind, took in these details, and more. She noticed that his hands were soft; he had never worked with them in his life. His feet were square-set in heavy, square-toed shoes. "Police feet," thought Rosalie, "or like them." All this before he ventured, in a confident voice:

"I want a sitting, Madame."

"Sitting," thought Rosalie. "He's an old dope, which he don't look like, or he's on." Aloud, she said:

"Business or affections?"

"Both," said the sitter.

Rosalie threw another far-away glance which looked straight through him. The sitter shifted in his chair. The movement brought his coat tight across his right hip. The hip bulged—he was carrying a revolver. Was this a town constable—was it to be an arrest? The pin and the diamond looked like graft—bigger graft than Clifton Castle afforded. Rosalie decided to play for time and information.

"Young man," she said, "you can't drive the spirits. They come when they get good an' ready. Now, with you I sense a jarrin' influence. Somethin' tells me you ain't sincere in comin' here this way. There's an attraction pullin' me further an' further away from you, like my controls was desertin' me."

The sitter flashed his keen black eyes upon Rosalie's calm gray ones, whose keenness lay sheathed under her vague stare.

"Blow it off right away," he said. "You've got no line on me. You're fishing. *I* ain't in the testbooks, and you don't know my name, so you couldn't find me if I was. *I* ain't left no coat in the hall for the maid to go through. *I* ain't let you play me for no leads."

"I'm Probably Going Into a Trance, Dear," Rosalie Explained

Rosalie lifted her right hand as though to put back a stray lock of hair. The hand rested for one moment on her head, the three first fingers outstretched, the thumb and little finger folded into her palm.

"That's a Brotherhood sign," said the visitor. "I've seen it before, but I never knew till now that it was the hailing sign for a sister in distress. I never broke into the Brotherhood of Mediums. Pedling testbooks in Chicago and playing capper for test séances in Detroit was as near as ever I got to the real graft." He laughed a heavy laugh.

"It don't take no spirits to tell me you're a cop," said Rosalie. "Say, you ain't gettin' far gatherin' evidence on me, are you?"

"It don't take spirits to tell you anything," responded the visitor. He threw open his coat. He wore a shield, labeled: "*Hennessy's Detective Agency.*"

"From pedlin' testbooks to Hennessy's Agency!" said Rosalie. "My, but you're gettin' crookeder an' crookeder every jump, ain't you?"

The detective bristled at the left-handed compliment and then shifted his mood to apology.

"Well, I had to do that testbook job," he said. "I was a kid and up against it. Perhaps you think I'm faking you. Let me show you. I've heard of you. You began as a materializing medium in St. Paul. They exposed you there, and you've played test and clairvoyant ever since. The chief of police in St. Paul and the profession are the only ones who know who tipped your séances off, and why she did it. It was Mollie Bergen. She'd been bringing William Murtry's spook so long for Mrs. Murtry that she thought she had it copyrighted. You broke in on his game and brought out Murtry's spook yourself. And she got you exposed."

The sheath was drawn from Rosalie's eyes now; and a flush, not unbecoming, ran over throat and cheeks. The recital of that old shame had touched a nerve.

"An' it was my last connection with crooked work, too," she rejoined. "Straight test an' clairvoyant work for me after that. Say, if you're here to git anything out of me about the McGregor Rose case, you're makin' a poor start—Mr. ——"

The detective laughed again.

"Stapleton," he said, "John B. Stapleton. You put two and two together that time."

"You bein' a detective," pursued Rosalie, "you ain't in Clifton Castle on anything else. Miss McGregor has just been in here. You want to know what she said. Is it her you're suspectin', or me?"

"Well, what did she tell you?"

"I suppose you're askin' me to give up my professional information an' betray a sitter," said Rosalie.

Stapleton slammed his hand down on the table.

"No, Mrs. Le Grange——"

"Madame Le Grange," corrected Rosalie.

"Madame Le Grange, it ain't either. It ain't either, because"—he leaned forward with brutal impressiveness—"I know who done it."

He paused to let this take effect. Rosalie received it calmly. "The minute I tracked Miss McGregor here," he pursued, "something came to me. I know about you. You're the smartest thing in the business—con talk and looks." He paused on that again.

"Much obliged," responded Rosalie; "but seein' as I use that line of talk every day in my own business you don't git much further by pullin' it on *me*."

Stapleton plowed straight on.

"It ain't arrests they're after," he said, "it's the Rose—the six matched diamonds if they can, but the Rose, anyhow. Thirty-five carats, and an elephant on the hands of the crook who's got it, because every diamond man in the world knows it. A fence might as well try to sell the Cullinan. There's only one chance. Get it to Antwerp where there are crooked cutters, have it split up—a five-carat red in the heart that a big collector of fancy stones would give his eyes for, and some little light-rose stones on the outside. Now, *he's* got it"—Stapleton's voice came out of him with a burst—"and he don't know what to do with it."

"Who's he?" asked Rosalie.

"I ain't telling—now. He's in New York. He's shadowed. But nobody knows where he's hid it. 'Twouldn't do any good to arrest him. He'd go to jail for thirty years and never tell. What we want is the Rose. I was trailing Miss McGregor because I ain't so sure what—what she knows about this thing. And while I waited outside it came over me like a flash.

"He's a dope. One of the coolest crooks in the country, but he's got his weak point—they all have. Some it's women, and some it's horses, and some it's booze—but him, it's mediums. See? He's cagey about going to 'em, but when a good medium gets him in front of her he swallows it all, lock, stock and barrel. He ain't easy until he's really landed with some good testbook stuff—and then!"

(Continued on Page 29)

THE LAW'S DELAY

By ARTHUR TRAIN

IT IS a commonplace axiom that "justice delayed is justice denied." This is equally true whether applied to civil or criminal cases. The honest merchant who has incautiously extended a large line of credit to a commercial thief suddenly finds himself confronted with a proposition to settle upon a thirty-five per cent basis.

"Settle what?" he inquires astounded.

"Why, your claim against these people," calmly replies the oily representative of the firm in question.

"Why *should* I settle?" demands the merchant. "They owe me the money all right, don't they?"

"Sure, they owe you the money," acquiesces the lawyer sympathetically. "But they are in an embarrassed financial condition. If you don't take thirty-five per cent you may not get anything."

At that, the merchant, who only five months before has shipped forty rolls of silk to this establishment, rises in his wrath and, shaking his fist under the nose of the lawyer, vows he will see them——first. He is not going to stand for any such swindling game! Not he! And he sends for his own lawyer and instructs him to go ahead at once and sue the firm and meanwhile attach everything they have got. His first shock comes when he finds that an attachment won't lie for a mere debt. Suddenly he brightens.

"But it will for fraud?"

"Certainly."

"Then we're all right."

"But, Mr. Merchant, how are you going to prove any fraud?"

Mr. Merchant is obliged to confess that the proof at hand is slight, and in the end he has to content himself with commencing an action against them for some thirty-five hundred dollars. On the last day allowed by law in which to answer the summons and complaint a representative of the firm's Legal Auxiliary (usually a cousin or half nephew) serves an answer upon Mr. Merchant denying in full, upon information and belief, all the facts set forth in his complaint, and verified by the lawyer for the reason, as he alleges, that his clients are out of town.

The case is now at issue. There is no actual defense to the action at all, the sworn answer of the lawyer is moral if not legal perjury, but the expedient serves to put Mr. Merchant to his proof and the case is placed upon the calendar. If the affair occurs in New York City nearly a year will elapse before it is reached.

Evidence Blotted Out by Time

MEANWHILE, other creditors of the firm assemble in mutual conclave and discuss whether or not it is worth while to throw the firm into bankruptcy. They probably decide in the negative, on the theory that all the assets have doubtless been removed to some other jurisdiction and there is nothing in it for them, anyhow. Better trust to luck. So, while the months drag on, Mr. Merchant is obliged to pay a bill from his attorney for legal services. Occasionally he likewise receives a letter or a visit from the Legal Auxiliary still offering thirty-five per cent. His own lawyer frankly advises him to take it, but Mr. Merchant in a paroxysm of fury bids him never to hint at such a thing again. He will teach those rascals a lesson! But unfortunately for his good intentions a fire occurs at his downtown office and all his books and papers relating to the transaction in question are destroyed; the following winter the clerk who received the order in question dies of pneumonia, and with him disappears any hope of ever establishing the cause of action.

The same thing may occur in the criminal courts. Some tremendous municipal steal has been uncovered by the investigators who have been digging into the city's muck pile; at huge expense the details of the proof are secured, and with even greater effort they are correlated and made ready for presentation to the grand jury. Amid a very ecstasy of enthusiasm on the part of the press the indictment is found. Reform has come at last! The city treasury will no longer be plundered by such outlaws. Justice will be done! But *when*? There's the rub! Boss Tweedledum is indicted sure enough—but that's nothing.

His lawyer now has bail fixed and puts it up out of the loot. Then he demurs to the indictment and raises a nice new point about jurisdiction. The judge holds the matter a month and rules against him. The lawyer immediately moves for an inspection of the grand jury minutes. He claims to have a real point this time. The judge dismisses his motion at the end of three weeks. At last Tweedledum is forced to plead to the indictment, but only after he has made a motion to dismiss the same on the ground of alleged irregularities supposed to have taken place in the grand jury room. This takes another month.

By this time the public have begun to lose a little of their former interest. Hot weather comes on and the trial, with all other bail cases, goes over till the autumn term. Boss Tweedledum goes to the seashore and enjoys himself innocently in the society of his friends. But when the case appears on the calendar in October the defendant's counsel files affidavits showing that the highly-technical character of the case will require certain evidence which can be supplied only by a witness who happens at the present time to be in California. There is no help for it, and a commission issues to take his testimony. This occupies something over three weeks, during which some other big case has come up and the Tweedledum trial has to go over for a while longer, anyhow.

Meanwhile, however, it has occurred to the ingenious counsel for Mr. Tweedledum that the publicity which attended the investigation into the plundering of the city treasury, as a result of which his client is to be prosecuted, has made it absolutely unfair and prejudicial to the defense for the trial to be conducted in the county where the crime occurred. He, therefore, moves for a change of venue, and submits in support of his contention affidavits which may cover thousands of pages, composed principally of clippings of the newspaper accounts of the investigation and of the editorials commenting thereon. The simplest decency demands that the judge shall at least consider the point, and thus a couple of weeks more delay may be secured. The motion is eventually denied, but the time has been utilized by the indefatigable attorney for Mr. Tweedledum in discovering that the statute under which his client has been indicted is in violation of some right guaranteed by the amendments to the Constitution of the United States.

At the last moment, therefore, just as the case is about to be called and the weary prosecutor believes that he has actually got his hand upon the elusive Mr. Tweedledum, the attorney surrenders his client into custody and appears within half or three-quarters of an hour with a writ of habeas corpus and a stay of the entire proceedings secured from some Federal judge on the ground that his client is confined without due process of law.

The Fine Art of Procrastination

THUS, if all the stars of the legal heavens happen to be in auspicious juxtaposition and the stay of proceedings is not vacated it is wholly possible that, by appealing from the decision of the judge who dismisses the writ of habeas corpus, the matter may even be taken through all the Federal courts, including the Supreme Court of the United States, before a final adverse decision will at last render it possible to place the aforesaid Tweedledum upon trial for his offense. Several years may have elapsed; the witnesses may, and probably have, scattered to the four winds of heaven; those who remain have suffered aphasia or some other convenient form of forgetfulness, and after a seven or eight weeks' trial the jury either disagree or acquit Tweedledum for lack of evidence. The newspaper cartoons picture justice not only as blind, but as dismembered upon the pavement. The reformers, who on the strength of the boss' indictment had attained a temporary political ascendency, have lost whatever they had gained in influence, and while Tweedledum may never again be sufficiently rehabilitated to assume control of his organization, a triumphal banquet is given in his honor, and another boss, Tweedledee, as like him as one pea is to another, reigns in his stead.

Thus, periodically, when the condition of the calendars of the courts through overcrowding becomes intolerable, or some fiasco in the administration of criminal justice has occurred, there are outbursts of public clamor against the law's delays. The last example given above may strike the reader as extreme, and, perhaps, the ingenuity of the defendant's attorney has been overelaborated, but it is safe to say that Mr. Merchant's experiences are matters of common occurrence in many large cities, while something of the same sort as that described in connection with Boss Tweedledum occurs in almost every important case involving acts of an official.

Now, all human institutions are susceptible of improvement, and if the taxpayers and their representatives saw fit to spend the requisite amount of money they could bring any one of these institutions into a condition of efficiency which might narrowly approach perfection. If we were content to let our streets go unpaved, to suffer the exigencies occasioned by gas rather than use electricity, to go without public parks and bathing-places, and to suffer our hospitals to mark time while medical science marches on, we could, by using the money thus saved, undoubtedly so expend it in paying the salaries of new judges, new stenographers and court officers and in building new courthouses that, so far as the mere congestion of the courts was concerned, every case could be tried within twenty-one days of the service of the initial paper.

The Costliness of Justice

OF COURSE, when a boodler goes free or a notorious murderer succeeds in delaying his trial for a year or the law stumbles in some equally obvious fashion, we are inclined to join the cry, "Let us have justice at *any* cost." And unless a typhoid or diphtheria epidemic happens to occur at about the same time, owing to the failure of the city officials to provide adequate funds for the proper inspection of tenements and the stamping out of the disease where its existence is known, we are apt to forget that justice, after all, is just as expensive as health, and perhaps even more so. We can have almost anything if we are willing to pay for it, including the speedy trial of cases, both civil and criminal; but unless we are willing to pay for it—and pay well for it—we shall be obliged to put up with machinery somewhat less perfect than if we were prepared to sacrifice to that end other equally important and expensive features of good government.

Now, even assuming that we were prepared to expend whatever sums were necessary in increasing the number of our courts and judges for the purpose in question, we would still find that, so far as the administration of justice is concerned, a certain opportunity for delay is not only desirable, but imperative. We can reduce the congestion upon the calendars of our courts, even though we be not prepared permanently to increase the number of our tribunals or of the justices who preside over them, by resorting to the expedient of disposing of a large number of the cases before temporary judges in the form of appointed referees; but we cannot, by any exercise of ingenuity or the devising of any new form of procedure, overcome the fact that to investigate adequately the facts surrounding any transaction through the medium of the oral testimony of witnesses will almost inevitably take more time than the original transaction itself. A thief may snatch a pocketbook in the twinkling of an eye, but it may take three days or more to impanel a jury, hear the evidence against him, allow for cross-examination of the people's witnesses and for the investigation of his alibi. Your neighbor's dog may bite you in the leg and may comfortably

accomplish his purpose within a very few minutes, while for you to recover damages against him in an action on the case may require a period of time sufficient to allow the same dog to take a thousand varieties of bites out of an equally diversified number of your townsfolk. Now, it is essential for the public welfare that the thief should be prosecuted and sent to jail, just as it is equally important for the public welfare that every case of scarlet fever be sequestered. But it by no means follows, because your taste in legware has induced a devouring passion on the part of your neighbor's Fido, that you should seek to mulct him in damages, since it is a familiar legal proposition that "every dog is entitled to one bite," and that you cannot recover for such a cause unless you can prove that his master knew of the animal's propensity. This it is generally a very difficult and ofttimes an impossible matter to establish.

If, knowing that you cannot prove that Fido has ever bitten any one else, you seek to scare your neighbor into settling the case by bringing suit against him, you are adding just one more useless action to the already interminable list of cases upon the calendar of your local court. One way of dining more quickly is to eat less dinner. The most efficacious single method of doing away with the law's delay is to discourage litigation. Probably at least thirty per cent of all the cases upon the calendars of the various courts in our land are strike suits, scare cases and actions whose merits exist only in the imagination of the plaintiff or his attorney. If the losing party were compelled to pay not only the costs of the trial, but also the disbursements and expenses of his opponent, including attorney's fees, we should find that there would be much less legal business to be attended to by the courts than there is now.

The Codes of most States contain statutes against champerty and maintenance and the improper fomentation of litigation by attorneys and others. Though these statutes are almost never invoked, the expedient of penalizing persons who bring baseless proceedings on the chance of getting something out of somebody else is practically untried in America.

After the matter of expense, the greatest difficulty in obviating the delay in legal proceedings arises from the great injustice which obviously would result if persons were unnecessarily compelled to defend themselves, or parties were forced to trial without proper preparation, or were temporarily unable to procure the evidence necessary to a fair presentation of their cause.

Safeguarding the Defendant

FOR example, in the Tweedledum case above cited, if there actually *was* a demurrable defect in the indictment, or if there actually had been prejudicial illegalities in the grand jury room, or if the evidence before the grand jury itself had been insufficient, it would manifestly be unfair to compel the defendant to submit to the enormous expense incident to defending himself upon the charge made against him. To any defendant a criminal proceeding is a matter involving great mental strain and worry, frightfully wearing upon the nerves and body, and usually requiring the expenditure of large sums of money for counsel and the preparation incident to presenting properly the defense. Therefore, if the charge is in law no charge at all and requiring no answer, or if it is an improper charge not made in conformity with the requirements of law, he should be spared the annoyance and financial penalty connected therewith. Likewise, in both criminal and civil cases, it is equally apparent that actions may arise where through the innocent absence of a witness it is clearly impossible for the other to go to trial, since to do so would be equivalent to a default. There are many other actions of a perfectly legitimate character where delay can properly be invoked; and a full bench of the wisest judges in the land unanimously engaged in attempting to perfect a system for the administration of justice could not possibly obviate the difficulty. So long as these reasons for delay exist there will always be clients and lawyers who, in their effort for time, will find specious excuses of this character. How can a judge tell from examination of the papers handed up to him upon a motion whether or not a witness whose testimony it is desired to take in behalf of one party or another left the jurisdiction and went to Colorado for the purpose of assisting one side in securing delay, or for an innocent reason? How can a judge tell when a motion is made to dismiss an indictment that the attorney may not be making it in good faith? He cannot, any more than you can tell whether your friend who wants to borrow five dollars really intends to return it or not.

Moreover, a curious and entirely human feature inevitably connected with litigation is that when once the matter has been brought to an issue and is on the calendar it by no means follows that either side wants to try the case. It is like the marching and countermarching of two hostile armies. Each has supreme confidence in its own strength, each truly believes that at the proper time and place it undoubtedly will win its cause, but each wants the time and place most propitious to itself. It is like two boxers feinting at each other inside the ropes, side-stepping, dodging and parrying expected blows, while the crowd hoots and yells because it thinks it is not getting its money's worth, and neither lands nor attempts to land a blow until within ten seconds of the time when the gong is going to ring. It rarely happens, even if the defense is ready the first time a case appears on the calendar, that the plaintiff is prepared to go ahead. A desire on the part of both litigants to have their case heard and decided by a jury is something so extraordinary as to excite the astounded approbation of judges and court attendants.

Once a case reaches a point on the calendar where a trial can be reasonably anticipated within a week or so the attorneys on both sides are filled with misgivings in regard to the character and ability of the judge before whom the cause may be sent for trial, the intelligence and conduct of the jury in that particular court, and the health and convenience of their witnesses. It inevitably seems as if there would be a better chance next month before another judge and another jury, and as if one's own convenience would be vastly better suited by a short adjournment. The human element always enters in. A lawyer never feels himself as fully prepared on the law or the facts or as entirely ready as he would be had he more time to look up the decisions and examine his witnesses.

The Joys of Postponements

HE MAY say to his client, "By George! we're going to make those fellows toe the mark this time!" and picture how he will wipe up the other side at the trial. But with however great a flourish of trumpets he may enter the courtroom it is usually with a feeling of intense relief that he hears the judge (in spite of his own violent protests) courteously grant a week's adjournment to the other side upon the earnest application of its counsel. "Hang it!" he remarks in an undertone to his client, "it looks to me as if that judge had been 'seen'—the way he lets those fellows postpone the case! It's an outrage!" But when he gets back to his inner office and shuts the door he lights a cigar and mutters, "Thank the Lord, I didn't have to try that blasted case this week!"

The chief causes for delay in legal proceedings are: first, the increased amount of litigation naturally resulting from increase in population and business activity; second, the interposition to secure delays of sham defenses, which are often tantamount to a verdict or judgment; third, the inadequacy, in most localities, of the judicial force and number of courts; fourth, the multiplicity of appeals allowed, and fifth, the defective method of procedure in vogue in most parts of the country, which go unremedied or unimproved through the inefficiency of legislatures and a general disposition to let well enough alone—which usually results in making a bad matter worse.

How difficult it is for the courts to keep pace with litigation may be seen from the condition which existed in New York County upon January 1, 1903. The Law's Delay Commission found that there were 10,000 untried jury cases on the calendar of the Supreme Court, First Department, with an average disposition of only 1085 cases during the preceding seven years by trial and an average of some 1329 cases disposed of in other ways. The courts were at that time about three years behind. The condition is somewhat better at the present time, owing to a large increase in the number of the judiciary. But this congestion is apt to occur in any court and at any time when new conditions arise. Thus, the extremely efficacious Court of Special Sessions in New York City is at the present time so clogged with business that it is about 6000 cases behind its calendar.

It is obvious that the first cause—namely, the increase of litigation—can only be met by proportionately increasing our facilities to dispose of it or by discouraging litigation itself. The best method suggested to accomplish this last result that has been brought to the writer's attention is, first, the penalizing of the unsuccessful litigant, under proper conditions, by making him pay either something in the way of a forfeit to the court or the disbursements and expenses of the successful party, and, secondly, the procedure adopted by the High Court of Justice in England, under what is known as "Order XIV," to the effect that in actions for liquidated amounts, where the plaintiff has reason to believe that the defense interposed is a sham, he may, upon proper affidavits, move for a preliminary investigation by the court or a referee into the merits of the defense as disclosed in the affidavits and the arguments of the attorneys for the parties in his private chambers. Under this system, if the court determines that the defense is in fact a sham, it may direct judgment for the plaintiff, require the defendant to give security for the claim or refer the cause to a special calendar where it can be immediately tried. This seems an admirable system. Mr. Justice Bigham says of this procedure: "It has been found by experience that this practice keeps the general list clear of undefended actions and enables plaintiffs to get judgments to which they are entitled, without delay and at very little expense." If in a city like London, where the administration of justice is so rapid that jury cases are reached in three weeks, such a summary method is required, it would seem obvious that some similar device is desirable in New York City and other places, where a contract case reached within a year seems like a shooting star of legal activity.

English Examples Worthy of Imitation

THE other method in vogue in England of making the costs so high as to be a full measure of compensation to the successful party for all the expenses to which he has been put, either in bringing or defending the suit, proceeds on the theory that a person who embarks on a prosecution or a defense which he does not know to be just deserves to be punished. It goes without saying that this must operate as a practical prohibitive in an immense number of cases, and considering the uncertainty of the law in general, and the fact that both contending parties are apt to believe sincerely in their cause (not only being so advised by their counsel, but also often strengthened in their belief by a divided court), it is hardly probable that such a system would be popular in America, where a lawsuit is generally regarded as a legitimate and proper form of diversion.

It is also unlikely that the hostile attitude of the English court toward contingent fees would ever obtain in this country, where the Federal as well as the leading courts of the States have repeatedly declared in favor of contingent fees as necessary for the protection of poor suitors, who otherwise might be unable to bring their causes into a court of justice.

Another efficacious means of doing away with fictitious defenses is to require, in as many varieties of actions as possible, what is known as "an affidavit of merits," which is a sworn statement that the client or his attorney, as the case may be, believes that he has a meritorious cause of action or an honest defense. This is required in certain instances in most jurisdictions in this country today. Its salutary effect commends itself as an easy means to obviate legal disingenuousness.

An excellent and ingenious device popular in the King's Bench is that of permitting a defendant in an action for damages, who, while he denies his liability, is yet willing to settle for a certain sum of money, to pay the same into court for the plaintiff to "take or leave" as he chooses. If the plaintiff is of the opinion that he can recover more and is not satisfied with the proffered amount he is at liberty to go ahead; but if he does not succeed in recovering as much as the defendant has deposited he is obliged to pay all the costs, and the balance goes back to the defendant. Of course, the jury is kept in entire ignorance of the transaction, and it seems an excellent way to encourage litigants to settle their cases. Justice Bigham says: "When a reasonable sum is paid into court a plaintiff will not run the serious risk of getting a verdict for a less sum at the trial." It is much in vogue in personal

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THE RENEGADE

By George Pattullo
ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

Imploring Him Whiningly at Every Step to Intercede for Him

El Toro Tries Out Liskeard's Nerve

THE sun glared down ferociously from a pale-blue sky, the air quivered and danced in undulating waves, and the white dust of the plain rose like fine powder under the shuffling feet of Liskeard's horse. On one side of the trail was an expanse of baked clay, loose and flaky like a crust of pastry, that stretched away to the base of the foothills, where areas of green showed clear, flecked with slowly moving dots—grazing cattle. Beyond the hills El Toro gloomed, misteapped. To the left lay miles of alkali desert, dotted at wide intervals with tree cactus; then the level country terminated abruptly at a dull-red line, and beyond that was a fit abode for lost souls—twisted, gnarled heaps of metal and rock, a torn, gaping land where no thing of life stayed voluntarily.

Straight ahead of Liskeard, it might be ten miles, appeared a patch of green. Amid a score of cottonwoods nestled a red frame house, with a windmill rising beside, and not far off, standing naked on the parched plain, was an adobe structure, square, flat-roofed, and with a single stovepipe chimney. These were the Gourd headquarters, and at sight of them something seemed to touch Liskeard's sense of humor, for he grinned. A swirl of dust choked him, and as he coughed he cursed the drought and the country and all things in it.

A buzzard rose lazily from an inspection of the carefully-picked skeleton of a cow and wheeled through the reeling air. Above the brink of an *arroyo* a coyote shoved his foxlike head and slunk miserably into view, his nose to the ground, his manner listless. Liskeard whipped out his six-shooter and fired from the hip, making one movement of the performance. The coyote sprang frantically into the air, threshed about, and flopped to the ground.

"A good sixty yards," said Liskeard complacently.

Not another man in the four counties could have done it: not another man would have tried. He alighted and skinned the beast, and when his horse snorted and rebelled against the thing of blood being tied behind the saddle, Liskeard pulled his head down by the ears and kicked him in the ribs until he was tired. After which he mounted and rode on.

His approach threw the occupants of the Gourd bunkhouse into a panic. Mit, the cook, on his way to the spring for a pail of water, was the first to discern the oncomer.

"Hyar comes Jed Liskeard," he announced, hurrying back to the kitchen.

"What of it?" retorted the blacksmith. "He won't hurt us none."

"I done forgot to tell you. I've got a letter hyar for him from the manager. He told me to give it to Jed the first time he come."

"Then you give it to him an' set an extra place for dinner."

"That's jist what I cain't do. This hyar letter tells him for to keep away from the Gourd ranch."

The blacksmith became serious at once. Only the cook and himself were in the bunkhouse, unless one were to count in Hal, the manager's son, a boy of fourteen, who spent most of his time loitering in the blacksmith shop or surreptitiously smoking cigarettes behind the saddle-shed. And they had to deliver a mandate to the shiftiest man in the Territory, a man who had no scruples and who was certain to resent it.

"Why not let Hal give it to him?" suggested the blacksmith. "He wouldn't dare for to hurt a boy."

"Let Hal give it to him?" repeated the cook in disgust. "Why, Jed Liskeard would think I'm scared of him."

"Wal, you are, ain't you?"

"Shore. But I wouldn't let him know it. I'm often scared, but nobody ever seen me lay down. It ain't grit for a fellow to do anythin' when he don't feel scared at all, Bob. It's when he's scared most to death, but does it all the same—then he shows grit."

"Hyar he comes. Hal, you set thar on the steps an' don't say nothin'. Now, Mit, I'll stand in the window with this ol' shotgun while you give that lil' letter to Jed. Ef he goes to make a play I'll shore let sunlight into him."

Liskeard came on at a dogtrot, and when he was a score of yards from the bunkhouse the cook stepped outside the doorway with arms akimbo as though to welcome him.

"Howdy, Mit."

"Howdy, Jed."

"I reckon I'll jist git down for dinner. I've ridden quite a piece," said Liskeard, one foot already out of the stirrup.

"I'm shore sorry, Jed, but I cain't give you any."

"Why? You-all eaten already?"

"No-oo, not exactly. Hyar, read this. The manager done told me to give it to you."

Liskeard slowly tore open the envelope and read the letter:

Dear Sir:

The management of the Gourd ranch wants only its friends about the place. You will accordingly keep away.

Yours, HAROLD SWAIN.

He laughed when he had finished, and tucked the sheet carelessly into the waistband of his trousers, but all the time his eyes were alert and venomous. His roving gaze fixed itself on Mit and became cold and purposeful.

"Do you want to know what I think?" asked Liskeard.

"No-oo. I ain't particula', Jed."

"Ef I thought you had a hand in this, Mit ——" he resumed, and broke off. Again the smile came to his lips.

"Hello, Bob!" he called. "Why don't you come out?"

"I'm pretty comfortable hyar, Jed, thankee," responded the blacksmith politely.

"You kin put that gun away. I ain't quarrelin' with you boys any."

Young Hal, not liking the turn the conversation had taken, now rose from his seat on the doorstep and turned to go indoors.

"Hal, I want you," called Liskeard.

The boy stopped and eyed him doubtfully. He had always been afraid of Liskeard, not because the man had a reputation for cruel daring, but because his unblunted instinct told him there were malice and danger lurking behind that perpetually ready smile and those glittering eyes.

"Come hyar," Jed said; and when the boy stood nervously in front of his horse's head, Liskeard tore the offending letter to shreds and proffered the fragments to him.

"You give these to your ol' man an' tell him that's what I think of it," he drawled. "Tell him I said he was scared to say to my face what was in this letter, an' so he had to write a piece an' crawl behind Mit's back. You hear me? You tell him all that an' say, too, that Jed Liskeard said as how he would go where he liked an' when he liked. An' ef any Gourd cattle breaks down my fences agin I'll shoot 'em instead of drivin' 'em off."

"Yessir," said Hal, his eyes on the ground, his toe tracing patterns in the dust.

"An' now give me a drink of water, you, Hal! It's ten mile to my lil' place, an' I'm hungry. This ain't the way to treat a nigger, Mit."

"I know it ain't, but orders is orders," apologized Mit.

The manager's son handed Liskeard the tin dipper and received it back from him in visible trepidation. The visitor purposely prolonged the ordeal, then touched his mount with the spur, and, smiling, moved past him to the window where the blacksmith sat. But before he reached it the muzzle of a shotgun was thrust forward and Bob was explaining in regretful tones:

"No hard feelin's, Jed, but we cain't take any chances. You'd better be goin' now."

"You ain't afraid of me, Bob?"

His Unblunted Instinct Told Him There Were Malice and Danger Lurking Behind That Perpetually Ready Smile

"No-oo, but I like you better this-away. Folks do say that, when you got Swanton, Jed, you got him by a trick."

"So?" returned Liskeard carelessly, and, whirling his horse, ambled away through the noonday heat toward the foothills.

A week later, on his return from a trip to Kansas City, Swain rode over to the Spring. From there he set out to inspect the next division camp and his way led by the Liskeard claim. Of course, he might have made a détour and avoided it, but his pride ran high and he was of the breed that goes straight to its objective point, whether geographical or mental. Without hastening or abating his pace one jot, he approached the sagging log shack in the waning afternoon. Liskeard was at work in front of his home on a wagon-wheel that his wife was holding for him, and, because of the fact that the trail wound through a deep and narrow draw almost up to their doorway, he did not see the Gourd manager until he was almost upon them.

In a flash he dropped the wheel and dodged down behind his wife, calling loudly to his children to fetch him his rifle. Swain made no hostile move, but, stopping his horse, sat gazing down at him in calm scorn.

"You don't need to be afraid of me, Liskeard. You aren't worth the killing," he said at last. "But it's like you to sneak behind your wife."

There was no reply. Liskeard renewed his vehement directions to his children, and the manager continued:

"You've been stealing Gourd cattle seven years now, Liskeard, even after we gave you work to help you through a winter. And you shot Swanton. They tell me over in Tucalari you've killed two others, besides. And, of course, nobody counts the Mexicans you've murdered. How did you do it? Get 'em in the back?"

"Go ahead. You've got me, Swain. An' I shore like to hear you talk," retorted Liskeard, to divert him.

"I said all I wanted to say in my letter. And, Liskeard, I won't try to scare your wife as you scared my boy. Well, so long. You keep away from the Gourd ranch and leave our cattle alone, and we'll let bygones be bygones."

A girl of about nine years ran from the house, bearing in her arms a rifle.

"Put that down!" shouted Swain. "If you don't, I'll shoot."

"Bring it hyar, Alice Jane," commanded her father. "He daren't hurt you."

Too far from the child to ride between her and her parent and thus head her off, the manager pulled his six-shooter and endeavored to obtain an unobstructed view of his foe, but Liskeard turned his wife by the elbows as Swain manœuvered his horse. At the same instant the child came close and, in his eagerness, Liskeard reached out for the weapon, exposing his arm and shoulder and head. Swain fired, but in his anxiety to avoid hurting the two females he shot high and missed altogether. There was only one thing to be done now, and he did it. The man would not fight save from behind the shelter of his family, and Swain jerked his horse about and fled.

As he swung around a knoll that offered a barrier of protection a .38 bullet tore through the ribs of his right side, and he reeled in the saddle with a sickening feeling of helplessness and of falling. A second, and his senses cleared and he gripped the saddle-horn with both hands and concentrated his indomitable will upon the task of hanging on. Thus he rode into the division camp, where he pitched unconscious to the ground.

"I done got him," cried Liskeard, gasping, his eyes unnaturally bright, as the manager disappeared from their sight.

"He didn't fall, Jed," objected his wife.

"No, but he will. I took him in the ribs. Ef I'd taken jist a fraction longer I'd have made sure. But he was goin' fast. Wal, I must be movin'."

"Where to, Jed?" asked his wife. "He shot first."

"Certain. But you cain't kill a man like Swain an' git away with it, Sally Jo. The company'd buy up or scare the jury. I'm off to Mexico."

"But he ain't dead. Don't go for to leave us, Jed. We'll shore starve ef you do. An' they'll try to run us off our claim. Hide somewheres until we see how bad hurt he is. Please, Jed."

"All right. I'll take to the Malpais. They won't git me thar, I reckon. An' you fix me up a bundle of food while I'm roundin' up ol' Whiteface, Sally Jo. Don't forgit the water."

This encounter took place on Wednesday, and on Thursday, Swain hovered on the threshold of the beyond, and far out in the Malpais, Liskeard and Mit took pot shots at each other from behind heaps of lava. Four of the Gourd outfit had ridden to bring the renegade in, but they arrived too late, and suspecting that his sanctuary would be Mexico, the punchers took up the pursuit, sweeping the country toward the border. It was the boy, Hal, who discovered Liskeard's hiding-place. He rushed breathless into the kitchen at the bunkhouse and gasped out to Mit that he had seen Liskeard riding toward the heart of the Malpais.

"What was you doin' in the Malpais?" demanded Mit.

"Smokin' cigarettes," said Hal, in confusion. "You said I couldn't smoke round here any more; an' Sarah watches me near the house."

"Jed Kin Certainly Handle That Ol' Rifle of Hisn"

"He may git away through them bad lands," interrupted the blacksmith. "But what'll he do with his hoss? Thar ain't any water or grass thar. He's probably carryin' corn, but no hoss kin live on Kaffir corn an' nothin' else."

"Liskeard won't care. He had to take his hoss, else we'd know he was hidin' somewheres round hyar," replied Mit. "He'll shoot that critter or leave him die. The question is, who's goin' after him? We ain't got time to fetch any of the boys from the wagon. That'd take two days."

"I'll go. I ain't scared of Liskeard."

"He might git you alone, Bob. He's mighty quick, is Jed. I ain't been on a hoss in nine years, but I'll go along with you. Hal, run down to the home pasture an' rope ol' Pete an' Beanbelly."

When the manager's son returned he was astride of Nigger and led the other two horses. The cook was squatted in front of the door cleaning a rifle, but he paused as Hal pulled up and dismounted.

"What've you brought ol' Nigger for?" he inquired.

"Why, for me, of course. You-all aren't going to take me?"

"We ain't. You're right, son, we ain't. You run along home an' tell your mammy not to fret, for we'll bring Jed in easy enough, me an' Bob."

"Mother isn't home. She's at the division camp nursing Dad. You-all will have to take me, Mit. How could you an' Bob find the place where I saw Liskeard without me?"

This was a poser, and as Bob emerged into the sunlight with his saddle he settled the point.

"You kin come along, Hal. We'll send him home before thar's any shootin', Mit."

So it was that Mit lay in a fissure behind a mound of slag-iron and endeavored conscientiously to shoot off the top of Liskeard's head as it bobbed for the fraction of a second from behind another mound a hundred yards away. Saunders and Hal crouched beside him. They had left their horses when they entered the Malpais, because the footing was so treacherous that they could make as good progress by walking, and Mit was no rider. Moreover, there was nothing of sustenance for the beasts in all the forty miles of wastes. Coming upon Liskeard unexpectedly as he was examining his jaded horse's feet, there had been no time to carry into execution the original plan of sending young Swain home. And now he lay flat in the fissure, perfectly safe and enjoying himself hugely. Of course, what the pursuers should have done was to separate and come upon the renegade from two sides, and thus force him to expose himself to a shot. The only objection to this beautiful tactic was that they couldn't do it. The renegade could see their slightest move, and they dare not budge from their shelter: Liskeard could bring down a buzzard on the wing with a rifle.

"I shore come near gittin' you that time, Liskeard," called the cook, as he sent his antagonist's high-crowned hat whirling.

"Two inches high, Mit," responded Liskeard cheerfully.

Bob incautiously permitted his left arm to protrude beyond the barrier as he slipped a cartridge of buckshot into his favorite weapon, and a ball pierced the fleshy part above the elbow, painlessly and cleanly.

"Hal, git to work an' bind that up with your handkerchief. I ain't got one. Jed kin certainly handle that ol' rifle of hisn."

Shortly after this they temporarily ceased hostilities on their side, though maintaining a watchful eye for any movement on the fugitive's part, and partook ravenously of bread and cold beef, canned tomatoes and tepid water. Night was creeping over the Malpais. Away to their right rose the crater from whence this monstrous flow of lava had anciently spouted; it was scarcely two hundred feet to the summit of its rim. On every side were the distorted, grotesque knolls of melted minerals and rocks, brick-red in color, stretching for leagues over the country like a slag heap from the fires of giants. Not a moving thing had they seen during their progress through this region of desolation; not a snake raised its head, not a lizard scurried from their path. A tiny scrub-cedar clung here and there in a fissure where an inch or two of soil had been carried by the winds, and once Hal had narrowly escaped falling into a devil's pincushion.

About three miles to the south towered the highest point in the Malpais, a precipitous hill of scorched rock and iron, crowned with a ragged, blunt shaft. Atop of this shaft a dark object reposed. Presently it rose into the heavens: it was an eagle.

Bob scanned the western sky and the glory of the setting sun in its wondrous halos of gold and crimson and purple. Then his eyes roamed round the horizon, and he pointed to where the hosts of the storm kings were gathering over the pines below El Toro's peak. From the thickest of the press a flash of light licked downward.

"That ol' mountain's always raisin' hell," he complained. After an interval he raised his head abruptly, as though struck by an idea. "Mit," he said, "ef the lightnin' gits to playin', thar's better places to be in than the Malpais."

They exchanged shots twice with Liskeard before the night shut down. With its coming they felt a warm splash

of rain upon their faces, and in a leaping, dazzling flash that illuminated the heavens they beheld El Toro swiftly dispatching his cloud warriors over the country.

"It's gittin' blacker'n our washbasin, Mit," grumbled Bob. "Jed kin give us the slip easy in the dark."

"He won't travel far in this storm, Bob."

Nor did he attempt it. The rain burst upon them in driving sheets that came in regular procession like the waves of the sea, and back of it, urging it forward, rode a hurricane of wind, shrieking and tearing among the uncouth mounds. From north to south the lightning darted fiery tongues and the detonations of the thunder rocked the earth. A great jagged spear of light was hurled upon the pile where the eagle had sat his vigil, and their starting eyes had a momentary vision of the awful impact. Young Swain clung close to Mit and sobbed shiveringly.

"I reckon we'll be killed, Mit. Look at the lightning."

To right, to left, behind them and in front, the forked flashes played upon the metal heaps, the splitting strokes blinding them with brilliant, sheeny blue and green glares. It was a carnival of fire: Mit continued to stare fascinated, his whole being numbed.

Saunders was trembling as with the cold, and his eyes rolled from side to side in an agony of fear. He had forgotten all about Liskeard and the hunt of him, and, with teeth chattering, snuggled close to the cook. The boy was crying with his face buried in Mit's shirt, and he would not look up. A loafer wolf, his tail between his legs, and whining to himself, slunk to his den, and he did not see or did not heed his hereditary foes.

An especially brilliant flash, followed on the instant by a shock of thunder, brought Mit half-way to his feet, so close did it feel. In their ears sounded a wild, immeasurably plaintive scream, and the cook peered over the mound.

"That's a hoss!" he shouted. "They yell somethin' awful when they're mortal scared. Yes, I swan thar's Jed's hoss layin' on its side on a rock."

The boy was mumbling to himself, but his words were unintelligible to the other two, though Bob afterward contended that he heard "Now I lay me ——" quite distinctly. However that may be, Hal took heart and began to grope about in the dark behind him.

"What's the matter, Hal?" asked the cook anxiously. "Anythin' wrong, boy?"

"I'm lookin' for my slicker. I brought it along."

"What you want your slicker for? You're soaked through now. You cain't git any wetter."

"I'll feel sort of safer," persisted the boy obstinately. "Here it is. I'm going to put it on."

He got to his knees to don the sticky, clinging coat, and as he held it extended loosely in his hands to discover the armholes, a fierce gust of wind whipped it from his grasp and it flew high over their heads with a loud flapping. A shout, a shot and maniacal laughter came to them faintly against the tempest.

Peeping over their barrier, in a succession of flashes that lighted up the wastes for miles, they made out Liskeard standing on top of his mound, with his hands raised to the sky. His hat was gone, his rifle he had thrown away. For a full minute he was blotted from their sight; then, in another illumination, they saw him running toward them, laughing wildly.

"It's the angel of the Lord!" he shrilled to the contending skies. "It's the angel of the Lord! I seen him."

The renegade ran a dozen steps more, whirled dizzily and toppled to earth. Shaking off Hal's imploring hands, old Mit sprang into the dark: three minutes later he was back, dragging Liskeard by the arms and shoulders.

"The lightnin' hit him, I reckon," panted the cook. "Singed down both sides, he is. I reckon he got hit twice, but easy-like. He ain't dead; not him."

Liskeard revived in a few minutes, but the horror of it was still upon him, and his imagination peopled the night with avenging spirits. He cowered down between the two men and endeavored to interpose Hal's body between him and the elements.

"You won't let 'em kill me, will you, Hal?" he whimpered. "I always treated you right, Hal."

"Shut up!" said the boy coldly.

"You keep quiet, Jed," broke out Saunders in irritation. "It's bad enough without havin' you blubberin' like that. We've got to stay hyar till daylight."

"All right, I'll be quiet, Bob. But you-all won't kill me now? Promise? Where's my gun?"

"I done took it," said Mit. "I do believe this ol' storm is blowin' itself out."

At daylight they sought the horses, Liskeard carrying his saddle and staggering weakly beside Hal and imploring him whiningly at every step to intercede for him with his father's men. Their mounts had drifted with the gale and were nowhere in sight. It was a certainty they would find their way home, and there was nothing for it but to toil the weary miles on foot. It was nightfall when they arrived at the bunkhouse, worn and spent with hunger and lack of sleep. They slept twelve hours, with Liskeard locked in the cook's own bedroom, and, after a late breakfast, Hal sought Saunders.

"Say, Bob, let me take him over to the division camp to Dad. It'll do Dad more good than the doctor from Tucalari could do in a year."

"That's so," mused the blacksmith; "but you cain't take him, Hal. It's reediklous. He'd git away."

"Mit'll lend me his six-shooter, Bob. Just watch me; he'll do what I tell him. Here, you, Liskeard, hustle up. You're coming with me."

"All right, Hal. Don't git angry, boy; I'm gittin' ready fast as I kin."

Upon their approach, Mrs. Swain came to the door of the hut with a hand raised to caution silence. At sight of the strange pair, her mouth opened in amazement and she could but glare at the trembling renegade, whose restless eyes sought aimlessly for some loophole of escape.

"No, you don't, Liskeard. Get down and go in front," commanded the boy.

"Shore. I'm ready, Hal. Better not git too reckless with that lil' gun, boy. She's liable for to go off."

They passed into the hut, Mrs. Swain preceding them to prepare the patient. She was standing guard beside the bunk, her face white and accusing, as Liskeard was thrust forward by Hal. Mumbling and fidgeting, he would not look at the sick man, whose feverish gaze rested on him dully for a moment, then steadied and cleared. Swain turned his head with a faint smile.

"Bob an' Mit an' I got him in the Malpais, Dad. They sent me with him this morning."

"Is he—what's wrong with him, Hal?"

"Lightning. And just plumb scared, too. Here, you, stand up straight!"

"Liskeard," said the wounded man huskily, "I always knew your nerve wasn't real. You aren't worth shooting. Turn him loose, Hal. He won't bother us any more."

"I kin go then, Mr. Swain, sir?" quavered the prisoner.

"You heard what he said, didn't you?" snapped the boy. "Out you go! No, you can't have that horse. You can walk. And get a move on. I'm going to begin shooting when I've counted fifty."

"Say, Hal, you'll give me a fair count, won't you, boy? Don't be mean an' cut in on it, Hal. Yes, yes, I'm goin'."

"One, two, three, four ——"

Audiences at Home and Abroad

By Charles Frohman

IT HAS been written of me that when I produce a play for the first time I sit in the last row of the gallery during the performance, out of a modest wish not to be seen.

I often do watch the first performance of my plays from the last row of the gallery, but not so much out of modesty as curiosity.

The best index to the probable career of any play is the back of the head of an auditor who does not know that he is being watched. Your playgoer in an orchestra stall is always half conscious that what he does or says may be observed. But your gallery gods and goddesses have never a thought for anything except what happens on the stage. They may yield the time before the rise of the curtain to watching the audience enter the theater, but once the lights are up and the stage is revealed they have no eyes or thought for anything except the life unfolded by the actors. These people in the upper part of the theater represent the masses. They are worth watching. Great stage successes are the plays that take hold of the masses—not the classes.

An American in the theater feels first and thinks afterward. A European at a play thinks first and feels afterward. In conversation a German discusses sitting down. A Frenchman discusses standing up. But your American discusses walking about. Each must have his play built accordingly.

As I go back and forth, crossing and recrossing the Atlantic, the audiences on both sides seem more and more like one. Always, of course, each has its own particular point of view, according to the side of the Atlantic I happen to be upon. But often they think the same, each from its own angle. You bring your English play to America. Nobody is at all disturbed by the mention of Park Lane or Piccadilly Circus. If there is drama in the play, if in itself it interests and holds the audience, nobody pays any attention to its locality or localisms. But an English audience sitting before an American play hears mention of West Twenty-third Street or Washington Square, and while it is wondering just where and what these streets may be an important incident in the dramatic action slips by unnoticed. Not that English audiences are at all prejudiced against American plays. They take them in the same general way Americans take English plays. Each public asks: "What have you got?" As soon as it hears that the play is good it is interested. English audiences, for example, were quick to discover the fun in The Dictator when Mr. Collier acted it in London, though it was full of the local color of New York in the central character and in the thought. Somehow, the type and the speeches seemed to have a sort of universal humor. I tried it first before J. M. Barrie. He marked in the manuscript the place from which he could understand. The piece never went better in America. On the other hand, one reason Brewster's Millions did not go well in London was because the severely logical British mind took it all as a business proposition; the problem was figured out with the discovery that the young man did not spend his millions.

If the locality of an American play happens to be a mining village it is better to change its scenes to a similar village in Australia when you take the play to London. Then the audience is sure to understand. The public of London gave The Lion and the Mouse an enthusiastic first night, but it turned out that they had not understood the play. It was unthinkable to them that a judge should be disgraced and disbarred by a political ring.

The point about enthusiastic first nights in London as well as in New York is to wait for the box-office statement of the second night. In America the question with a failure is: "How soon can we get it off the stage?" In London they say: "How long will the play run, even though it is a failure?"

No actor or manager should feel grateful to any audience for the success of a play in which he has figured. A play succeeds because it is a living, vital thing—and that is why it has got upon the stage at all. There is life in it and it does not and will not die. It keeps itself alive until the opportunity comes along. Often a kind of instinct makes the opportunity.

It is instinct also that prompts an audience to applaud when it is pleased, laugh when it is amused, weep when it is moved, hiss when it is dissatisfied. No actor should feel indebted to an audience for the recognition of good work, because that same audience that appears to be so friendly, at another time, when one character or play does not please it, will resent both actor and play. This is as it should be. It is pretty, the loyalty of English audiences to their old favorites, but it is bad for the old favorites. It is stagnating.

The various expressions of approval and disapproval that come from spectators at a play are involuntary on the part of the spectators. They are hypnotized by the play and the acting. Whoever, on coming out of the theater after seeing a play that has pleased him, felt a sense of happiness that his pleasure had also pleased the actor, or the author of the play, or the management of the production? Loyalty, generosity and encouragement, as applied to audiences, are so many empty words. Playgoers that apply them to themselves cheat themselves. Miss Maude Adams is the only stage personage within my experience who has a distinct public following, loyal and encouraging to her whatever she does.

The public is asked to attend a charitable performance to help a worthy cause. The people rush to buy up places at the theater in which an afternoon's entertainment is to be given by the most expensive talent available. For two dollars an auditor in that theater that afternoon obtains ten or twenty dollars' worth of service. Yet everybody sitting there is simple enough to believe that he or she has done something for charity, when in reality they have done nothing except provide themselves entertainment at a low price. The players who give their services for this charitable performance—they are different. They do not believe they have done anything for charity, because they believe it is a privilege to take part in this good work, and they themselves are repaid.

Tell me of an audience that has ever attended a single performance of an admitted failure, and I shall tell you of an audience to whom the thanks of the actor and the manager are due.

I have heard people of the stage complain that this or that night's audience was unintelligent or thoughtless—by which, I suppose, the speaker meant that the applause

was misplaced. But I have always thought that the unintelligence of indiscriminate applause in the theater lay not so much in the hour or moment it took place, but that it happened at all. Actors who give all that is in them to their performances should have for rest and recovery the time that is taken by the further nervous strain of bowing and rebowing in response to applause that has arisen not as a personal tribute to them as actors, but from instinct —from the same cause that induces a man to cry out when he is struck with pain, to laugh when his sense of humor is aroused, or to sleep when he is bored

Skilled actors know well by experience the hollowness of an audience's applause. Once I stood upon a stage and watched a great foreign actress possessed of temperament, skill and feeling give a dinner order while bowing before a tumultuously-enthusiastic audience. That great actress had learned in a hard school the lesson of never having any real feeling of gratitude or misapprehension before public applause. One night I talked over with Sir Henry Irving while he was taking repeated curtain-calls the prospects of a change of bill for the balance of his engagement.

Every producer of plays lives to learn that a failure may meet with an enthusiastic reception on its first performance.

A producer of plays, assuming that he is a man of experience, never feels comfortable after a great reception has been given his play on a first night. He knows that the reception in the theater does not always correspond to the feelings of future audiences. Every thinking manager knows that his play, in order to succeed, must send its audience away possessed of some distinct feeling. A successful play is a play that reflects, whatever the feeling it reflects.

The great successes of the stage are plays that are played outside of the theater: over the breakfast table; in a man's office, to his business associates; in a club, as one member tells the thrilling story of the previous night's experience to another. Great successes upon the stage are plays of such a sort that one audience can play them over to another and so make an endless chain of attendance at the theater.

I have never in all my experience felt a success on the opening night. I have only felt my failures.

I once witnessed the performance of a farcical play with an English author in a theater in London on the third night of its run. I don't remember ever having heard so much laughter in a theater. I went with that author to another theater where a play of his was in its first month and where the curtain fell on the big act without applause. The author told me the chief actors had been trying night by night to invent "business" for curtain-calls. The farce that we had seen fairly drowned in tremendous laughter died in two weeks. The other laughterless play ran over a year and has been revived twice. One audience greatly enjoyed itself in the theater and promptly forgot what it had seen when it got home. The other audience was unaware of the fact that it was genuinely enjoying itself in the theater, but remembered and told others what it had remembered when it got home.

I have left a theater on the first night with the other mourners and returned to my office to cast a new play for the company—only to live to see the play run on successfully for months.

Nothing is more deluding to the player and even to the manager than enthusiastic applause. The inspired, fine work of a star actor often makes an audience enthusiastic to such a boisterous extent that one forgets it is the individual and not the play that has succeeded. They are countless—the accidents that may operate against everybody's wish or hard effort to make an audience like a play.

I was once an auditor at the opening night of an important production in London when the principal critic of the city arrived late during a very quiet and tense moment of the play. Being nearsighted, he struck a brass railing with his foot as he entered and made a great deal of noise. Immediately there arose cries of "Order!" from all parts of the house. Everybody turned around and looked at the noise-maker. Soon he fled from the theater, striking another railing on the way, and, of course, unmercifully flayed the performance in his review of the play. It took that play weeks, not to overcome that particular criticism, but to live down the other criticisms spread broadcast by a large audience whose evening had been spoiled by a nearsighted noise-maker.

In England, the pit and the gallery of the audience come to the theater and turn in their hard-earned shillings and demand much. Failing to get what they expect the theater is filled with boos and cat-calls at the end of the play. This does not mean that the play has failed. It more nearly means that the less a man pays to get into a theater the more he demands of the play.

An American audience is different, because it has a fine sense of humor. When an American pays his money through the box-office window he feels that it is gone forever. Anything he receives after that—the lights, the pictures on the walls, the music of the orchestra, the sight of a few or many smiling faces—is so much to the good. So keen is the American playgoer's sense of humor that often when a play is wretchedly bad the American sense of humor comes to the rescue and the applause is terrifically loud. This does not mean that the play has succeeded. It means rather that the play will die, the victim of the deadliest of all possible criticisms—ridicule.

A play-producer who overhears the comments of the audience on the first night after the performance of a failure never can feel any regret for the sufferings of his audience. The people's expressions of disappointment and disapproval preclude any feeling of guilt or sympathy that he may have. More than that, I can imagine nothing more terrible than for a play-producer to look at an audience that likes his play, because only then can he realize what the people would look like if they did not like the play. My greatest happiness is never to see an audience that attends my successful plays, and the real reason why I produce pieces outside of New York and London is to be able to see them played for suggested changes, before an audience that does not realize the importance of the first night.

A Personage Who has a Distinct Public Following

The greatest pleasure to a producing manager, I should think, is to see a play performed without an audience, and then to know that this same play, which he never wishes to see again, is being performed before large audiences.

So far as I am concerned, knowing the uncertainty of plays, the fickleness of audiences and the inevitableness of waiting patiently for days and, perhaps, for weeks for a final decision—an agony that can only be likened to that of the prisoner who waits for the return of a perplexed jury—I have trained myself, so far as I can, to be a good actor in apparently accepting on first nights in metropolitan cities, whether in New York or London, the messages or assurances of success that are crowded upon me by friends. And yet I invariably leave the theater after a first-night performance knowing full well that neither my friends nor I know anything at all as to the ultimate fortune of the play we have seen.

How Bucknam Got His Pay

LIKE most Oriental countries, Turkey is firmly in the grasp of the money-lenders. The reasons for this state of affairs are obvious. The pay of the Government officials and of the officers of the army and navy is in a periodical state of arrears, and as they must have money to live they turn in desperation to the usurers, in whose hands is the money-lending business of the nation.

Even the highest officials of the Imperial Court frequently experience the greatest difficulty in obtaining their pay. Bucknam Pasha, the American sailor of fortune who commands the sea-going division of the Ottoman fleet, when offered the position of naval adviser to the Sultan, bluntly told the sovereign that he could not afford to accept a post where the salary was so uncertain. So amused was Abdul-Hamid at the frankness of the reply that he gave instructions to the Ministry of Marine that Bucknam's pay must be secured by the receipts of the Galata-Stamboul bridge, the rickety structure built on boats over the Golden Horn, to cross which a toll is collected from every person. For some months after assuming his official position Bucknam received his salary with gratifying regularity. Then came a lapse; one month, two months, three months went by without his being able to collect a *piaster* of his pay. His house rent became overdue; the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, sympathetic all, nevertheless demanded the payment of their accounts. One day, driven to desperation by a particularly unsatisfactory interview with the disbursing officer at Yildiz, Bucknam summoned a young Turkish aide-de-camp who had been educated in America, jumped into a carriage and drove post-haste to the Ministry of Marine in Stamboul. Thrusting aside the attendants who attempted to bar his entrance, he burst, unannounced, into the ministerial divan, where the Minister, a gray-bearded, dignified Turk of the official class, sat in consultation with his colleagues.

With clanking sword, the American strode up to the Minister—a personage so high in the official world that his subordinates salaam thrice before they presume to address him—and clapped him briskly on the shoulder. "Look here, Excellency," exploded the sailor, "I've come for my pay, and I want it quick. I'm tired of living on honors and decorations"

The dignified Minister, wholly unaccustomed to such a form of address, bounded into the air, caught one glimpse of the American's scowling face and, subsiding into his chair, murmured feebly: "Certainly, Commodore, certainly. Er—the fact is, the departmental funds are unfortunately somewhat depleted at the moment, but I am sure the matter can be arranged to your entire satisfaction."

"All I want is pay instead of promises," said Bucknam grimly.

The Minister, finding that the American was of different stuff than his Turkish subordinates, and could neither be bulldozed nor evaded, summoned one of his secretaries and gave the audacious sailor an order authorizing him to collect his arrears of pay from the tolls of the Galata-Stamboul bridge. I can recall no more amusing instance of American audacity than that of this Yankee sailor and his boy lieutenant obtaining his overdue salary by actually collecting the tolls of this Turkish bridge.

Some years ago the Imperial Government, through the State Department at Washington, secured the services of one of the most promising young mining engineers in this country, at an almost fabulous salary, for the purpose of investigating the mineral resources of Asiatic Turkey. After a single tour of exploration, however, he found himself unable to obtain permission to continue his investigations, which had proved successful beyond his wildest dreams, and, though his salary was paid with pleasing promptitude, he eventually resigned and returned to the United States, declaring that he could not afford to lose, through inaction, even if richly recompensed, a professional reputation he had worked so hard to gain.

Until American merchants and manufacturers are willing to put themselves more closely in touch with the commercial customs and demands of the Near East they need expect no adequate share of the vast trade which is at present almost wholly in the hands of Great Britain, Germany and France. No American manufacturer would dream of attempting to do business in any part of the United States until he had first thoroughly acquainted himself with the needs of the people, the character of goods desired and the terms of payment acceptable to them. The same manufacturer, however, attempting to do business in Turkey, in a country and with a people of whose characteristics he is wholly ignorant, will excuse his failure by explaining that "those dagoes over there don't know what they want, anyway." It seems to be entirely beyond the comprehension of the American manufacturer that the Turk has his rigidly-fixed ideas as to patterns and colors which the fluctuations of fashions throughout the rest of the world do not alter at all. In America, if a certain color is the rage in New York it is reasonably certain to be likewise the fashion in Chicago and New Orleans and San Francisco. But in Turkey conditions are wholly dissimilar, and the exporter who attempts to carry on business there along American lines will soon find the game a losing one.

THE BOOT

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE BOOLE DOGGE FARM

MARY REX was more particularly *my* nurse, for my sister Ellen, a thoughtful, dependable child of eight, was her own mistress in most matters.

This was in the days when we got our servants from neighborhood families; before the Swedish and Irish invasion had made servants of us in turn. Mary was the youngest of an 'ancestored county family. Her great-grandfather had fought in the Revolution, as you might know by the great flint-lock musket over the Rexes' fireplace. A brother of his had formed part of a British square at Waterloo; and if Mary's own father had not lost his right hand at Gettysburg he would never have let his children go out to service. Poor soul, he bore the whole of his afflictions, those to his body and those to his pride, with a dignity not often seen in these degenerate days. He was by trade a blacksmith, and it was for that reason, I suppose, that Providence, who loves a little joke, elected for amputation his right hand rather than one or both of his feet. Since, even in these degenerate days, many a footless blacksmith makes an honest living.

Mary was a smart, comely, upstanding young woman. Even my father, a dismal skeptic anent human frailty, said that he would freely trust her around the farthest corner in Christendom. And I gathered from the talk of my elders and betters that Mary was very pretty. People said it was a real joy to see a creature so young, so smiling, so pink and white, so graciously happy—in those degenerate days. I myself can see now that she must have been very pretty indeed. Her eyes, for instance, so blue in the blue, so white in the white, can't have changed at all—unless, perhaps, the shadows deep within the blue are deeper than they were when she was a girl. But even today you would have to travel far to see another middle-aged woman so smooth of forehead, so cleanly-cut of feature, so generally comely.

But if there was one thing in the world that I had formed no conclusions upon at the age of six it was female loveliness. To cuddle against a gentle mother when bogies were about had nothing whatsoever to do with that gentle mother's personal appearance. To strike valiantly at Mary's face when the hot water and the scrubbing-brush were going had nothing to do with the prettiness thereof. Nor did I consider my sister the less presentable by a black eye given and taken in the game of Little John and Robin Hood upon a log in the Baychester woods. And indeed I have been told, and believe it to be a fact, that the beauty before whom swelled my very earliest tides of affection was a pug-nosed, snaggle-toothed, freckled-faced tomboy, who if she had been but a jot uglier might have been exhibited to advantage in a dime museum. Peace, old agitations, peace!

Everybody knew the Rexes, as in any part of the world, for many years stable, everybody knows everybody else. In Westchester, before great strips of woodland and water became Pelham Bay Park, before the Swedes came, and the Irish and the Italians and the Germans—in other words, before land boomed—there had always been an amiable and uninjunctionable stability. Families had lived, for well or ill, in the same houses for years and years. So long had the portraits hung in the rich men's houses that if you moved them it was to disclose a brightly-fresh rectangle upon the wall behind. The box in the poor man's yard had been tended by the poor man's great-grand female relatives. Ours was a vicinage of memory and proper pride. We would no more have thought of inquiring into the morals of this public house or that than of expunging the sun from the heavens. They had always been there.

There was a man who left his wife and little children to fight against King George. He could think of but one thing to protect them against vagrant soldiers of either side, and that was to paint upon certain boards (which he nailed to the trees here and there along the boundaries of his farm):

BEWARR OF THE BOOLE DOGGES

When I was a child one of these signs still remained—at the left, just beyond Pelham Bridge. And people used to laugh and point at the great trees and say that because of the sign the British had never dared to trespass and cut down the timber. Now the man had never owned a Boole Dogge, nor had any of his descendants. I doubt if there was ever one on the premises, unless latterly, perhaps, there has been a French bulldog or so let out of a passing automobile to enjoy a few moments of unconventional liberty. But the bluff had always held good. As my mother used to say: "I know—but then there *may* be a bulldog now." And that farm was always out of bounds. I relate this for two reasons—to show how stable and conservative a neighborhood was ours, and because on that very farm, and chosen for the very reason which I have related, stood the hollow oak which is to play its majestic part in this modest narrative.

The apple orchards of the Boole Dogge farm ran southerly to a hickory wood, the hickory wood to an oak wood, the oak wood to thick scrub of all sorts, the scrub to the sedge, and the sedge to the salt mud at low tide, and at high to the bassy waters themselves of inmost Pelham Bay. On the right was the long, black trestle of the Harlem River Branch Railroad, on the left the long-curved ironwork of Pelham Bridge. And the farm, promontoried with its woods and thick cover between these boundaries and more woods to the north, was an overgrown, run-down, desolate, lonely, deserted old place. Had it not been for the old sign that said "Bewarr," it must have been a great playground for children—for their picnics and their hide-and-seeks and their games at Indians. But the ferocious animals imagined by the old Revolutionary were as efficacious against trespassers as a cordon of police. And I can remember to this day, I can feel still, the very thrill of that wild surmise with which I followed Mary and my sister over the stone wall and into those forbidden and forbidding acres for the first time. But that comes later.

It was my sister who told me that Mary was engaged to be married. But I had noticed for some days how the neighbors went out of their way to accost her upon our walks; to banter her kindly, to shake hands with her, to wag their heads and look chin-chucks even if they gave none. Her face wore a beautiful mantling red for hours at a time. And instead of being made more sedate by her responsible and settling prospects she shed the half of her years, which were not many, and became the most delightful romp, a furious runner of races, swiftest of pursuers at tag, most subtle and sudden of hiders and poppers out, and full to the arch, scarlet brim of loud, clear laughter.

It was late spring now, lilacs in all the dooryards, all the houses being cleaned inside out, and they were to be married in the fall. They had picked the little house on the outskirts of Skinnertown not far from the Tory oak, in which they were to live. And often we made it the end of an excursion, and played at games devised by Mary to improve the appearance of the little yard. We gathered up in emulation old, broken china and bottles, and made them into a heap at the back; we cleared the yard of brush and dead wood, and pulled up weeds by the hundredweight, and set out a wild rose or two and more valuable, if less lovely, plants that people gave Mary out of real gardens.

Will Braddish, a painter by trade, met us one day with brushes and a great bucket of white paint, and, while he and Mary sat upon the doorstep talking in low tones or directing in high, Ellen and I made shift to paint the little picket-fence until it was white as new snow. At odd times Braddish himself painted the little house (it was all of o'd-fashioned, long shingles) inside and out, and a friend of his got up on the roof with mortar and a trowel, and pointed-up the brick chimney; and my father and Mr. Sturtevant contributed a load of beautiful, sleek, rich pasture sod and the labor to lay it; so that by midsummer the little domain was the spickest, spannest little dream of a home in the whole county. The young couple bought furniture, and received gifts of furniture, prints, an A1 range, a tiny, shiny, desirable thing; and the whole world and all things in it smiled them in the face. Braddish, as you will have guessed, was a prosperous young man. He was popular, too, and of good habits. People said only against him that he was impulsive and had sudden fits of the devil's own temper, but that he recovered from these in a twinkling and before anything came of them. And even the merest child could see that he thought the world of Mary. I have seen him show her little attentions such as my sister retailed me of personages in fairy stories and chivalric histories. Once when there was a puddle to cross he made a causeway of his coat, like another Raleigh, and Mary crossed upon it, like one in a trance of tender happiness, oblivious of the fact that she might easily have gone around and saved the coat. His skin and his eyes were almost as clear as Mary's own, and he had a bold, dashing, independent way with him.

But it wasn't often that Braddish could get free of his manifold occupations: his painting contracts and his political engagements. He was by way of growing very influential in local politics, and people predicted an unstintedly successful life for him. He was considered unusually clever and able. His manners were superior to his station, and he had done a deal of heterogeneous reading. But, of course, whenever it was possible he was with Mary and helped her out with looking after Ellen and me. My mother, who was very timid about tramps, looked upon these occasions as in the nature of real blessings. There was nowhere in the countryside that we children might not safely venture with Will Braddish strolling behind. He loved children—he really did, a rare, rare thing—and he was big, and courageous, and strong, and quick. He was very tactful, too, on these excursions and talked a good part of the time for the three of us, instead of for Mary alone. Nice, honest talk it was, too, with just enough robbers, and highwaymen, and lions, and Indians to give it spice. But all the adventures through which he passed us were open and honest. How the noble heroes *did* get on in life, and how the wicked villains did catch it!

I remember once we were returning home past the Boole Dogge farm, and Braddish, wiping his brow, for it was cruelly hot, seated himself as bold as could be on the boundary wall. The conversation had been upon robbers, and how they always, always got caught.

"It doesn't matter," Braddish said, "where they hide. Take this old farm. It's the best hiding-place in this end of the county—woods, and marshes, and old wells, and bushes, and hollows ——"

We asked him in much awe if he had ever actually set foot on the place.

"Yes, indeed," he said; "when I was a boy I knew every inch of it; I was always hunting and trapping, and looking for arrowheads. And that was the best country. Once I spent a night in the woods yonder. The bridge was open to let a tugboat through and got stuck so they couldn't shut it, and there was no way back to Westchester except over the railroad trestle, and my father had said that I could go anywhere I pleased except on that trestle. And so here I was caught, and it came on to blither and blow, and I found an oak tree, all hollow like a little house, and I crept in and fell asleep and never woke till daylight. My father said next time I could come home by the trestle, or he'd know the reason why."

"But," said I, "weren't you afraid the bulldogs would get you?"

"Now, if they'd said bull-terriers," said he, "I might have had my doubts, but a bulldog's no more dangerous than a toadfish. He's like my old grandma. What teeth

he has don't meet. And besides," he said, "there weren't any bulldogs on that farm. And I don't believe there ever were. Now, I'm not sure, sonny," he said, "but you climb up here ——"

I climbed upon the wall, and he held me so that I should not fall

"Do you see," said he, "way down yonder over the tops of the trees a dead limb sticking up?"

I saw it finally.

"Well," he said, "I'd stake something that that's a part of the old hollow oak. Shall we go and see?"

But Mary told him that the farm was out of bounds. And he thought a moment, and then swung his legs over the wall

"I won't be two minutes," he said. "I'd like to see if I'm right—it's fifteen years ago ——" And he strode off across the forbidden farm to the woods. When he came back he said that he had been right, and that nothing had changed much. He tossed me a flint arrowhead that he had picked up—he was always finding things, and we went on again.

When we got to the middle of Pelham Bridge we all stopped and leaned against the railing and looked down into the swift, swirling current. Braddish tore an old envelope into little pieces and dropped them overboard by pairs, so that we might see which would beat the other to a certain point.

But the shadows began to grow long now and presently Braddish had to leave us to attend a meeting in Westchester, and I remember how he turned and waved, just before the Boulevard dips to the causeway, and how Mary recollected something that she had meant to say and ran after him a little way calling, and he did not hear. And she came back laughing, and red in the face, and breathing quick.

Two days later my father, who had started for the early train, came driving back to the house as if he had missed it. But he said, no, and his face was very grave—he had heard a piece of news that greatly concerned Mary, and he had come back to tell her. He went into the study with my mother, and presently they sent for Mary and she went in to them.

A few minutes later, through the closed door, Ellen and I heard a sudden, wailing cry.

Poor Braddish, it seems, in one of his ungovernable tempers had shot a man to death, and fled away no one knew whither.

II

THE man killed was named Hagan. He was a red-faced, hard-drinking brute, not without sharp wits and a following—or better, a heeling. There had been bad blood between him and Braddish for some time over political differences of opinion and advancement. But into these Hagan had carried a circumstantial, if degenerate, imagination that had grown into and worried Braddish's peace of mind like a cancer. Details of the actual killing were kept from us children. But I gathered, since the only witnesses of the shooting were heelers of Hagan's, that it could in no wise be construed into an out-and-out act of self-defense, and so far as the law lay things looked bad for Braddish.

That he had not walked into the sheriff's office to give himself up made it look as if he himself felt the unjustifiability of his act, and it was predicted that when he was finally captured it would be to serve a life sentence at the very least. The friends of the late Hagan would hear of nothing less than hanging. It was a great pity (this was my father's attitude): Hagan was a bad lot and a good riddance; Braddish was an excellent young man, except for a bit of a temper, and here the law proposed to revenge the bad man upon the other forever and ever. And it was right and proper for the law so to do, more's the pity. But it was not Braddish that would be hit hardest, said my father, and here came in the inscrutable hand of Providence—it was Mary.

After the first outburst of feeling she had accepted her fate with a staunch reserve and went on with her duties much as usual. One ear was always close to the ground, you might say, to hear the first rumor of Braddish, either his capture or his whereabouts, that she might fly to him and comfort him, but the rest of her faculties remained in devoted attendance on my sister and me. Only there showed in them now and then a kind of tigerish passionateness, as when I fell off the sea-wall among the boulders and howled so dismally. She leaped down after and caught me to her in the wildest distress, and even when I stopped howling could not seem to put me down. Indeed, she held me so tight that if any of my bones had been cracked by the tumble she must have finished by breaking them. The pathos of her efforts to romp with us as in happier days was lost upon me, I am happy to say. Nor did I, recalling to her what Braddish had said of robbers being inevitably caught, realize that I was stabbing her most cruelly. For she was, or tried to be, firm in the belief that Braddish would succeed where all others had failed. She had asked my father what would happen if Braddish got clean out of the United States, and he, hoping, I suppose, to be of indirect use to the young couple for whom he was heartily sorry, made her out a list of countries, so far as he knew them, wherein there was no extradition. My father hoped, I fondly believe, that she would get the list to Braddish for his guidance, conjecturing rightly that if Braddish made his whereabouts known to anybody it would be to Mary. But as to that, ten days passed before Mary knew a jot more of it than another. And I must believe that it came to her then entirely by inspiration.

And Had to Go All the Way Back for It in the Dusk

We were passing the Boole Dogge farm, my sister and I, intent upon seeing which of us could take the most hops without putting the held-up foot to the ground, when suddenly Mary, who had been strolling along laughing at us, stopped short in her tracks and turned, and stood looking over the green treetops to where the gaunt, dead limb of the hollow oak thrust sharply up from among them. But we had hopped on for quite a piece before we noticed that she no longer went alongside. So we stopped that game and ran back to her. What was it? Had she seen a rabbit? She laughed and looked very wistful. She was just thinking, children, that she would like to see the hollow tree where Will had passed the night. She was not excited—I can swear to that. She guessed nothing as yet. Her desire was really to the tree—as she might have coveted one of Will's baby shoes, or anything that had been his. She had already, poor girl, begun to draw, here and there, upon the past for sustenance.

First, she charged Ellen and me to wait for her in the road. But we rebelled. We swore (most falsely) that we were afeard. Since the teeth of bulldogs no longer met, we desired passionately to explore the forbidden farm, and had, indeed, extracted a free commission from my father so to do, but my mother had procrastinated and put us off. We laid these facts before Mary, and she said, very well, if our father had said we might go on the farm, go we might. He would, could and must make it right with our mother. And so, Mary leading, we climbed the wall.

Bulldogs' teeth or no bulldogs' teeth, my ancient fear of the place descended upon me, and had a rabbit leaped or a cat scuttled among the bushes I must have been palsied. The going across to the woods was waist high with weeds and brambles, damp and rank under foot. Whole squadrons of mosquitoes arose and hung about us in clouds, with a humming sound as of sawmills far away. But this was long before you took your malaria of mosquitoes, and we minded them no more than little children mind them today. Indeed, I can keep peacefully still even now to watch a mosquito batten and fatten upon my hand, to see his ravenous, pale abdomen swell to a vast smug redness—that physiological, or psychological, moment for which you wait ere you burst him.

The forbidden farm had, of course, its thousand novelties. I saw prickly pears in blossom upon a ledge of rock; a great lunar-moth resting drowsily, almost drunkenly, in the parasol shade of a wild-carrot blossom; here was the half of a wagon wheel, the wood rotted away, and there in the tangle an ancient cistern mouth of brick, the cistern filled to the brim with alluring rubbish. My sister sprang with a gurgle of delight to catch a garter snake, which eluded her; and a last year's brier, tough and humorously inclined, seized upon Mary by the skirts and legs, so that it was a matter of five minutes and piercing screams of merriment to cast her loose again. But soon we drew out of the hot sunshine into the old orchard with its paltry display of deformed, green, runt apples, and its magnificent columns and canopies of poison ivy—that most beautiful and least amiable of our indigenous plants; and then we got among scale-bark hickories, and there was one that had been fluted from top to bottom by a stroke of lightning; and here the little red squirrels were most unusually abundant and indignant; and there was a catbird that miauled exactly like a cat; and there was a spring among the roots of one great tree, and a broken teacup half buried in the sand at the bottom.

We left the hickories and entered among the oaks, and here was the greatest to-do imaginable to find the one that was hollow. Ellen went to the left, I to the right, and

Mary down the middle. Whenever I came to an unusually big tree I tiptoed around the trunk, goggle-eyed, expecting the vasty hollow to open before me. And I am sure that Ellen, whom I had presently lost sight of, behaved in the same way. Mary also had disappeared, and feeling lonely all of a sudden I called to her. She answered a moment later in a strange voice. I thought that she must have fallen and hurt herself; but when I found her she was cheerful and smiling. She was standing with her back to a snug hollow in the vast stem of the very oak we had been looking for.

"This is it," she said, and turned and pointed to the hollow. "Where's Ellen?"

"Here, Ellen," I called, "here—*we've* found it!"

Then Ellen came scampering through the wood; and first I climbed into the hollow and curled up to see what sort of a night I might have of it, and then I climbed out and Ellen climbed in—and then both in at once, and we kept house for a while and gave a couple of dinners and tea parties. And then quarreled about the probable size of Friar Tuck, and Ellen drew the line at further imaginings and left me alone in the hollow.

This extended all the way up the main trunk and all but out through the top. Here and there it pierced through the outer bark, so that slants of pale light served to carry the eye up and up until it became lost in inky blackness. Now and then dust and little showers of dry rot descended softly upon the upturned face; and if you put your ear close to the wood you could hear, as through the receiver of a telephone, things that were going on among the upper branches; as when the breeze puffed up and they sighed and creaked together. I could hear a squirrel scampering and a woodpecker at work—or so I guessed, though it sounded more like a watch ticking. I made several essays to climb up the hollow, but the knotholes and crevices, and odds and ends of supports, were too far removed from each other for the length of my limbs, and, furthermore, my efforts seemed to shake the whole tree and bring down whole smarting showers of dust and dry rot and even good-sized fragments. I got up a few feet, lost my hold, and fell into the soft, punky nest at the bottom.

"Can't you climb up?" said Ellen, who had recovered her temper by now. "Because somebody has climbed up and stuck an ol' shoe out of a knothole way up."

I climbed out of the hollow and followed her point. Sure enough—thirty feet or so from the ground the toe of a much-used leather boot stuck out through a knothole.

Mary refused to take an interest in the boot. It was high time we went home. She herself had a headache. Our mother would be angry with her for taking us on the forbidden farm. She was sorry she had done so. No, she wasn't angry. We were good children; she loved us. Wouldn't we come?

"I'll tell you," said she, and her face, which looked sick and pale, colored, "if you'll come now, and hurry, we'll just have time to stop on the bridge and have some races."

And sure enough, when we got to the bridge Mary produced a stained sheet of paper, and tore it quickly into little bits of pieces (we were pressed for time) and launched pair after pair of sea-going racers upon the swirling tide.

When the last pair were gone upon their merry career she drew a long breath, and seemed as one relieved of a weight.

"Perhaps," she said, "you needn't tell your mother where you've been—unless she asks you. Do you think that would be wrong?"

I have never known Mary to suggest deceit of any kind.

"If you think it would get you into trouble," said my sister, aged eight, very stuffy, "why, of course, we won't say anything."

Mary was troubled. Finally she drew a deep breath and flung out her hands.

"Of course, it would be wrong not to tell," she said. "You *must* tell her."

But by good fortune we met my father first and told him.

"And papa," said Ellen, she had been swung to his shoulder and there rode like a princess upon a genii, "what do you think, way up the trunk there was an old shoe sticking out of a knothole, and we all thought that somebody must have climbed up inside and put it there. But brother couldn't climb up because he's too little, and Mary wouldn't try, and we thought maybe Sunday you'd go with us and see if you could climb up."

I don't know why my father happened to take the line that he did; he may have seen something in Mary's face that we children would not be likely to see. He laughed first, and told us a story.

It was about some children that he had once known, who had seen a boot sticking out of a tree, just as we had done, and how a frightful old witch had come along, and told them that if they went away for a year and a day and didn't say a word about the boot to any one, and then went back, they would by that time have grown sufficiently to climb up and get the boot, and that they would find it full of gold pieces. But if, during the year and the day, they so much as mentioned the boot to any one but their father, they would find it full of the most dreadful black and yellow spiders which would chase them all the way to Jericho, and bite their fat calves every few steps.

"This," said he, "may be that kind of a boot. Now promise not to talk about it for a year and a day—not even to me—and at the end of that time, why we'll all go and see what's in it. No," he said, "you mustn't go to look at it every now and then—that would spoil the charm. Let me see. This is the twenty-eighth—a year and a day—hum." And he made his calculations. Then he said: "By the way, Mary, don't you and the children ever get hungry between meals? If you were to take bread and meat and make up sandwiches to take on your excursions, they'd never be missed. I'd see to it," he said, "that they weren't missed. Growing children, you know." And he strode on, Ellen riding on his shoulder like a princess on her genii.

III

ELLEN and I were very firm to have nothing to do with the boot in the oak tree; and we had two picnics in the hollow and played for hours in the adjoining woods without once looking up. Mary had become very strict with us about scattering papers and eggshells at our out-of-door spreads; and whatever fragments of food were left over she would make into a neat package and hide away under a stone; but in other matters she became less and less precise: as, for instance, she left Ellen's best doll somewhere in the neighborhood of the hollow oak, and had to go all the way back for it in the dusk; and another time (we had also been to the store at Bartow for yeast) she left her purse that had two months' wages in it and more, but wasn't lucky enough to find that.

It was considered remarkable on all hands that Braddish had not yet been caught. Hagan's heelers, who swung many votes, had grown very sharp with the authorities, and no efforts were spared to locate the criminal (he was usually referred to as the "murderer") and round him up. Almost daily, for a time, we were constantly meeting parties of strange men, strolling innocently about the country at large or private estates as if they were looking things over with a view to purchase. And now and then we met pairs of huntsmen, though there was no game in season, very citified, with brand-new shotguns, and knickerbockers, and English deer-stalker caps. And these were accompanied by dogs, neither well suited nor broken to the business of finding birds and holding them. There was one pair of sportsmen whose makeshift was a dropsical coach dog, very much spotted. And, I must be forgiven for telling the truth, one was followed, *ventre à terre*, by a dachshund. My father, a very grave man with his jest, said that these were famous detectives, so accoutered as not to excite comment. And their mere presence in it was enough to assure the least rational that Braddish must by now have fled the country. "Their business," he said, "is to close the stable door, if they can find it, and meanwhile to spread the money of the many in the roadhouses of the few."

But I have sometimes thought that the pseudo-sportsmen were used to give Braddish a foolhardy sense of security, so that other secret-service men, less open in method and less comic in aspect, might work unobserved. Indeed, it turned out that an under-gardener employed by Mrs. Kirkbride, our neighbor, about this time, a shambling, peaceful, half-witted goat of a man, was one such; and a perfect red-Indian upon a trail. It was Mary who spotted him. He hung about our kitchen door a good deal; and tried to make friends with her and sympathize with her. But he showed himself a jot too eager, and then a jot too peppery when she did not fall into his nets. Mary told my father, and my father told Mrs. Kirkbride. Mrs. Kirkbride had had a very satisfactory job at painting done for her by Braddish; and although a law-abiding woman, she did not propose personally to assist the law—even by holding her tongue. So she approached the under-gardener, at a time when the head-gardener and the coachman were in hearing, and she said, plenty loud enough to be heard: "Well, officer, have you found a clew yet? Have you pumped my coachman? He was friends with Braddish," and so on, so that she destroyed that man's utility for that place and time. But others were more fortunate. And all of a sudden the country was convulsed with excitement at hearing that Braddish had been seen on the Bartow road at night, and had been fired at, but had made good his escape into the Boole Dogge farm.

Bloodhounds were at once sent for. I remember that my father stayed up from town that thrilling morning, and walked up and down in front of the house looking up at the sky. I now know that he was conjuring it to rain with all his power of pity—prayer maybe—though I think, like most commuters, he was weak on prayer. Anyhow, rain it did. The sky had been overcast for two days, drawing slowly at the great beds of moisture in the northeast, and that morning, accompanied by high winds, the first drops fell and became presently a deluging northeaster, very cold for midsummer.

As chance would have it, there had been a false scent down on Throgg's Neck, upon which the nearest accessible bloodhounds had been employed. So that there was a delay in locating them, and fetching them to the Boole Dogge farm. We went over to the Boulevard—my father, Ellen and I—all under umbrellas, to see them go by. They were a sorry pair of animals, and very weary with having been out all night, in all sorts of country, upon feet more accustomed to the smooth asphalt of a kennel. But there was a crowd of men with them, some in uniform, one I remember in a great coat, who rode upon one of the old-fashioned, high bicycles, and there was a show of clubs and bludgeons, and one man wore openly upon his hip a rusty, blued revolver, and on the whole the little procession had a look of determination and of power to injure that was rather terrible. I have sometimes thought that if I had been my father I would not have taken Ellen and me to see them go by. But why not? I would not have missed it for kingdoms.

By the time the pursuit had reached the Boole Dogge farm so much rain had fallen as to render the bloodhounds' noses of no account. Still the police were not deterred from beating that neck of land with great thoroughness and energy. But it proved to be the old story of the needle in the haystack. Either they could not find the needle or there was no needle to be found. Of course, they discovered the spring with the broken cup, and the hollow oak, and made sure that it was here that Braddish slept at night, and they found other traces of his recent habitation—an ingenious snare with a catbird in it, still warm; the deep, inadvertent track of a foot in a spot of bog; but of the man himself neither sight nor sound.

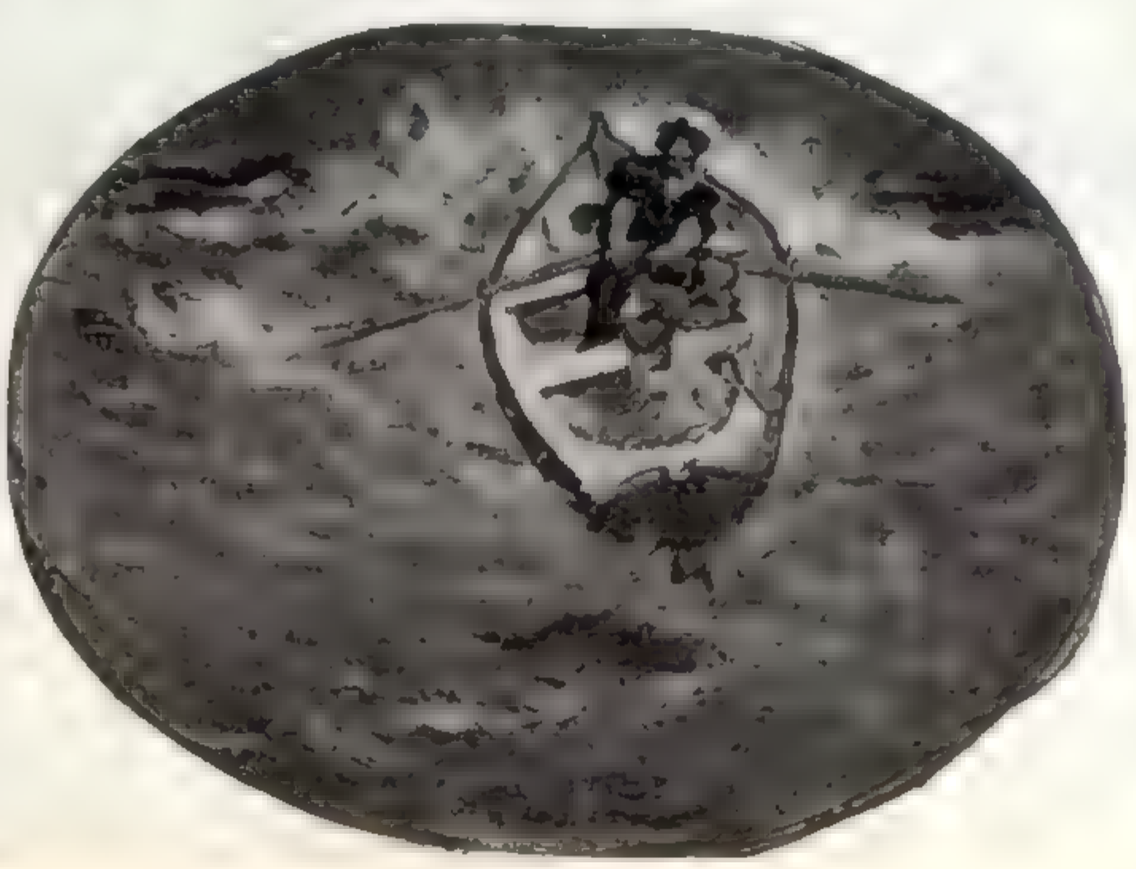
In the afternoon, the rain having held up for a while, my father walked over to the farm to see how the hunt was progressing. This, I think, was for Mary's sake, who had been all the morning in so terrible a state of agitation that it seemed as if she must have news for better or worse, or die of suspense. My father was not away longer than necessary. He returned as he had gone, wearing a cheerful, incisive look very characteristic of him, and whistling short snatches of tunes.

He said that the beaters were still at work; but that they were wet to the skin and the heart was out of them. Yes. They would keep an eye on the place, but they were pretty well convinced that the bird had flown. If, however, the bird had not flown, said my father, he should be quick about it. We were on the front porch to meet my father, and I remember he paused and looked out over the bay for some time. It was roughish with occasional white caps, and had a dreary, stormy look. Our rowboat, moored to a landing stage or float, just off our place, was straining and tugging at her rope.

"That boat will blow loose," said my father, "if she isn't pulled up. But I'm not going to do it. I'm wet enough as it is."

"Would you like me to try, sir?" Mary called.

(Continued on Page 26)



The White Mice

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

VIII

THE silence that greeted the announcement of Inez, that she considered herself engaged to Roddy, was broken in a startling fashion. Before her mother could recover from her amazement one of the windows to the garden was thrown open, and a man burst through it and sprang toward Vega. He was disheveled, breathless; from a wound in his forehead a line of blood ran down his cheek. His appearance was so alarming that all of those who, the instant before, had been staring in astonishment at Inez now turned to the intruder. They recognized him as the personal servant of Vega. Without considering the presence of the others the valet spoke as he crossed the room.

"The police are in your house," he panted. "They have searched it; taken the papers. They tried to stop me." He drew his hand across his face and showed it streaked with blood. "But I escaped by the harbor. The boat is at the wharf. You have not a moment!" His eyes wandered toward Pulido and Ramon, and he exclaimed delightedly, "You also!" he cried; "there is still time!"

General Pulido ran to the window.

"There is still time!" he echoed. "By the boat we can reach Quinta Tortola at the appointed hour. Colonel Ramon," he commanded, "remain with Señor Caldwell. You, Pino, come with me!"

But Vega strode furiously toward Roddy.

"No!" he shouted. "This man first! My honor first!"

At this crisis of his fortunes, Sam Caldwell, much to the surprise of Roddy, showed himself capable of abrupt action. He threw his arm around the waist of Vega, and ran him to the window.

"Damn your honor! You take your orders from me!" he shrieked. "Go to the meeting-place!"

Struggling, not only in the arms of Caldwell but in those of Pulido and the valet, Vega was borne to the terrace. As he was pushed from the window he stretched out his arm toward Roddy.

"When we meet again," he cried, "I kill you!"

Roddy looked after him with regret. More alarming to him than the prospect of a duel was the prospect of facing Señora Rojas. For the moment Vega and his personal danger had averted the wrath that Roddy knew was still to come, but with the departure of Vega he saw it could no longer be postponed. He turned humbly to Señora Rojas. The scene through which that lady had just passed had left her trembling; but the sight of Roddy confronting her seemed at once to restore her self-possession. Anxiously, but in a tone of deep respect, Roddy addressed her:

"I have the great honor," he said, "to inform ——"

After one indignant glance Señora Rojas turned from him to her daughter. Her words sounded like the dripping of icicles.

"You will leave the room," she said. She again glanced at Roddy. "You will leave the house."

Not since when, as a child, he had been sent to stand in a corner had Roddy felt so guilty. And to his horror he found he was torn with a hysterical desire to laugh.

"But, Madame Rojas," he protested hastily, "it is impossible for me to leave until I make clear to you ——"

In the fashion of the country Señora Rojas clapped her hands. "Surely," she exclaimed, "you will not subject me to a scene before the servants."

In answer to her summons the doors flew open, and the frightened servants, who had heard of the blood-stained messenger, pushed into the room. With the air of a great lady dismissing an honored guest Señora Rojas bowed to Roddy, and Roddy, accepting the inevitable, bowed deeply in return.

As he walked to the door he cast toward Inez an unhappy look of apology and appeal. But the smile with which she answered seemed to show that, to her, their discomfiture was in no way tragic. Roddy at once took heart and beamed with gratitude. In the look he gave her he endeavored to convey his assurance of the devotion of a lifetime.

"Good-by," said Inez pleasantly.

"Good-by," said Roddy.

. . . . . .

On coming to Porto Cabello Sam Caldwell had made his headquarters at the home of the United States Consul, who owed his appointment to the influence of Mr. Forrester, and who, in behalf of that gentleman, was very justly

Her Fingers Traced the Sign of the Cross

suspected by Alvarez of "pernicious activity." On taking his leave of Señora Rojas, which he did as soon as Roddy had been shown the door, Caldwell hastened to the Consulate, and, as there might be domiciliary visits to the houses of all of the Vegaistas, Colonel Ramon, seeking protection as a political refugee, accompanied him.

The police had precipitated the departure of Vega from the city by only a few hours. He had planned to leave it and to join his adherents in the mountains that same afternoon, and it was only to learn the result of the final appeal to Roddy that he had waited. As they hastened by back ways to the Consulate, Ramon said:

"It was not worth waiting for. Young Forrester told nothing. And why? Because he knows nothing!"

"To me," growled Caldwell, "he makes a noise like a joker in the pack. I don't mind telling you he's got me guessing. He wouldn't have thrown up his job and quarreled with his father and Señora Rojas if he wasn't pretty sure he was in right. Vega tells me, three weeks ago Roddy went to Curaçao to ask Madame Rojas to help him get her husband out of prison. Instead, she turned him down *hard*. But did that feaze him? No! I believe he's still working—working at this moment on some plan of his own to get Rojas free. Every night he goes out in his launch with young De Peyster. Where do they go? They *say* they go fishing. Well, maybe! We can't follow them, for they douse the lights and their motor is too fast for us. But, to me, it looks like a rescue, for the only way they could rescue Rojas would be from the harbor. If they have slipped him tools and he is cutting his way to the water, some dark night they'll carry him off in their launch. And then," he exclaimed angrily, "where would I be? That old Rip Van Winkle has only got to show his face and it would be all over but the shouting. He'd lose us what we've staked on Vega, and he'd make us carry out some of the terms of our concession that would cost us a million more."

Ramon exclaimed with contempt.

"Forrester!" he cried. "He is only a boy!"

"Any boy," snapped Caldwell impatiently, "who is clever enough to get himself engaged to the richest girl in Venezuela, under the guns of her mother and Pino Vega, is old enough to vote. I take my hat off to him."

The Venezuelan turned his head and looked meaningly at Caldwell; his eyes were hard and cruel.

"I regret," he said, "but he must be stopped."

"No, you don't!" growled Caldwell; "that's not the answer. We won't stop him. We'll let him go! It's the other man we'll stop—Rojas!"

"Yes, yes!" returned Ramon eagerly. "That is the only way left. Rojas must die!"

"Die!" laughed Caldwell comfortably. "Not a bit like it! I'm rather planning to improve his health." He stopped and glanced up and down the narrow street. It was empty. He laid his hand impressively on the arm of the Venezuelan.

"Today," he whispered, "some one will send a letter—an anonymous letter—to San Carlos, telling the Commandant why General Rojas would be more comfortable in another cell."

From Miramar, Roddy returned directly to his house. On the way he found the city in a ferment; all shops had closed, the plazas and cafés were crowded, and the Alameda was lined with soldiers. Wherever a few men gathered together the police ordered them to separate; and in the driveways, troopers of Alvarez, alert and watchful, each with his carbine on his hip, rode slowly at a walk glancing from left to right. At his house, Roddy found gathered there all of the White Mice: Peter, McKildrick, Vicenti and Pedro. They had assembled, he supposed, to learn the result of his visit to Miramar, but they were concerned with news more important. Vicenti had called them together to tell them that, at any moment, the Rojas faction might rise and attempt to seize the city and San Carlos. The escape of Vega, and the fact, which was now made public, that he had proclaimed himself in revolt, had given the Rojas faction the opportunity for which it had been waiting. The city was denuded of Government troops. For hours they had been pouring out of it in pursuit of Vega and his little band of revolutionists; and until reënforcements should arrive from Caracas, which might not be in twenty-four hours, the city was defenseless. The moment for the Rojas party had come.

But Vicenti feared that the assault on San Carlos would result not only in the death of many of those who attacked it but also would be the signal on the inside for the instant assassination of Rojas. It therefore was imperative, before the attack was made, to get Rojas out of prison. He dared not inform even the leaders of the Rojas party of the proposed rescue. It must be attempted only by those who could be absolutely trusted, those already in the secret. And it was for that purpose he had called the White Mice together. When Roddy arrived they had, subject to his approval, arranged their plan. From what Vicenti had learned, the assault on the fortress would be made at midnight. It was accordingly agreed that at nine o'clock, when it would be quite dark, they would blow open the wall. Roddy, McKildrick and Peter would dine together at Roddy's house, and at eight, in the launch, would leave his wharf. Pedro, whose presence would assure General Rojas of the good intentions of the others, was directed so to arrange his departure from Miramar as to arrive by the shore route at the wharf in time to accompany them. And Vicenti, who had set his watch with McKildrick's, was at once to inform General Rojas of what was expected to happen, and at nine o'clock, when the wall fell, to rush with him through the breach.

In the *patio* the men, standing and in silence, drank to the success of their undertaking, and then, after each had shaken hands with the others, separated. By Roddy's orders Pedro was to inform Inez of their plan and to tell her that, if the Rojas party, in its attack upon the city, was successful, her father might that night sleep at Miramar. If, after his release, the issue were still in doubt, the launch would carry him to Curaçao.

Vicenti left for San Carlos. In case it should be necessary to make the dash to Willemstad, Peter remained at the house to collect for the voyage provisions, medicines, stimulants and casks of water. McKildrick and Roddy departed in the launch to lay the mine which was to destroy the barrier. On their way they stopped at the lighthouse, where McKildrick collected what he wanted for that purpose. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon, and by five they had entered the tunnel and reached the wall. McKildrick dug a hole in the cement a few feet above the base, and in this shoved a stick of dynamite of sixty per cent nitro, and attached a number six cap and a fuse a foot long. This would burn for one minute and allow whoever lighted it that length of time to get under cover. In case of a misfire, he had brought

with him extra sticks, fuses and caps. These, with drills and a sledge-hammer, they hid in a corner of the wall.

In the damp darkness of the tunnel it was difficult to believe that outside the sun was still shining

"If it were only night!" said Roddy. "I hate to leave it. I'd only have to touch a match to that, and he'd be free."

"Free of the cell," assented McKildrick, "but we could never get him away. The noise will bring the whole garrison. It will be like heaving a brick into a hornets' nest. We must wait for darkness. This is no matinée performance."

On the return trip to the city they sat in silence, the mind of each occupied by his own thoughts. How serious these thoughts were neither cared to confess in words, but as they passed under the guns of the fortress they glanced at each other and smiled.

"You mustn't think, Mac," said Roddy gratefully, "I don't appreciate what you're doing. You stand to lose a lot!"

"I can always get another job," returned McKildrick.

"You can't if one of these fellows puts a bullet in you," said Roddy. "You know you are making a big sacrifice, and I thank you for it."

McKildrick looked at him in some embarrassment.

"You stand to lose more than any of us," he said.

"I'm told you are to be congratulated." His eyes were so full of sympathy and good feeling that Roddy held out his hand.

"You're the first one to do it," he said happily, "and it's good to hear, Mac!" he exclaimed in awestruck tones. "I'm the happiest and the luckiest and the least deserving beggar in all the world!"

McKildrick smiled dryly.

"I seem to have heard something like that before," he said.

"Never!" cried Roddy stoutly. "Other poor devils may have thought so, but I know. It never happened to any one but me!"

McKildrick turned his eyes seaward and frowned.

"I even used the same lines myself once," he said; "but I found I'd got hold of some other fellow's part. So if anything should come my way tonight it wouldn't make such a lot of difference."

Roddy took one hand from the wheel and, leaning forward, touched McKildrick on the knee

"I'm sorry," he said; "I didn't know."

McKildrick nodded and, as though glad of an interruption, held up his hand.

"Listen!" he cried. "Stop the engine!"

Roddy let the launch slip forward on her own headway. In the silence that followed they heard from the city the confused murmur of a mob and the sharp bark of pistols. They looked at each other significantly.

"The surface indications seem to show," said McKildrick, "that things are loosening up. I guess it's going to be one of those nights!"

As they rounded the point and the whole of the harbor front came into view, they saw that the doors of the bonded warehouses had been broken open, and that the boxes and bales they contained had been tumbled out upon the wharf and piled into barricades.

From behind these, and from the windows of the custom-house, men not in uniform, and evidently of the Rojas faction, were firing upon the tiny gunboat in the harbor, and from it their rifle-fire was being answered by an automatic gun. With full speed ahead Roddy ran the gauntlet of this crossfire, and in safety tied up to his own wharf.

"Go inside," he commanded, "and find out what has happened. And tell Peter we'll take his cargo on board now. Until we're ready to start I'll stay by the launch and see no one tries to borrow her."

Peter and McKildrick returned at once, and with gasoline, tins of biscuit and meat, and a cask of drinking water, stocked the boat for her possible run to Curaçao The Rojas party, so Peter informed them, had taken the barracks in the suburbs, and, preliminary to an attack on the fortress, had seized the custom house which faced it; but the artillery barracks, which were inside the city, was still in the hands of the Government troops. Until they were taken, with the guns in them, the Rojas faction was without artillery, and against the fortress could do nothing. It was already dusk, and, in half an hour, would be night. It was for this the Rojas crowd were waiting As yet, of Vega and his followers no news had reached the city. But the Government troops were pursuing him closely, and it was probable that an engagement had already taken place.

"By this time," said Roddy, "Vicenti has told Rojas, and in an hour Pedro will arrive, and then we start. Go get something to eat, and send my dinner out here. I've some tinkering to do on the engine."

Before separating, McKildrick suggested that Peter and Roddy should set their watches by his, which was already set to agree with Vicenti's.

"For, should anything happen to me," he explained, "you boys must blow up the wall, and you must know just when you are to do it. Roddy knows how to do it, and," he added to Peter, "I'll explain it to you while we're at dinner."

Roddy Threw the Turnkey Sprawling

They left Roddy on his knees, busily plying his oil-can, and crossed the garden. In the *patio* they found the table ready for dinner, and two lamps casting a cheerful light upon the cloth and flashing from the bottle of red Rioja.

As they seated themselves, one of the stray bullets that were singing above the housetops dislodged a tile, and the pieces of red clay fell clattering into the courtyard. Peter reached for the claret and, with ostentatious slowness, filled McKildrick's glass.

"Dynasties may come," he said, "and dynasties may go; but I find one always dines."

"Why not?" replied McKildrick. "Napoleon says an army is a collection of stomachs. Why should you and I pretend to be better soldiers than Napoleon's?"

As a signal to the kitchen he clapped his hands; but the servant who answered came not from the kitchen, but from the street. His yellow skin was pale with fright. He gasped and pointed into the shadow at a soldier who followed him. The man wore the uniform of a hospital steward and on his arm the badge of the Red Cross. He stepped forward and, glancing with concern from Peter to McKildrick, saluted mechanically.

"Doctor Vicenti!" he exclaimed, "he wishes to see you He is outside on a stretcher. We are taking him to the hospital, but he made us bring him here first." The man shook his head sharply. "He is dying!" he said

In this sudden threat of disaster to their plan the thought of both the conspirators was first for Rojas

"My God!" cried Peter, and stared helplessly at the older man.

"Dying?" protested McKildrick. "I saw him an hour ago; he was ——"

"He was caring for the wounded in the streets. He was shot," answered the man gravely, laying his finger on his heart, "here!"

"Caring for the wounded!" cried McKildrick. "Why wasn't he ——"

"Be quiet!" warned Peter.

McKildrick checked himself and, followed by Peter, ran to the street. In the light from the open door he saw an army stretcher, and on it a figure of a man covered with a blanket. An officer and the soldiers who had borne the stretcher stood in the shadow. With an exclamation of remorse and sympathy, McKildrick advanced quickly and leaned forward. But the man on the stretcher was not Vicenti. To make sure, McKildrick bent lower, and in an instant the stranger threw out his arms and, clasping him around the neck, dragged him down. At the same moment the stretcher bearers fell upon him from the rear and, wrenching back his arms, held them together until the officer clasped his wrists with handcuffs. From Peter he heard a muffled roar and, twisting his head, saw him rolling on the sidewalk. On top of him were a half-dozen soldiers; his wrists also were in manacles.

McKildrick's outbursts were silenced by the officer.

"You need not tell me you are Americans," he said, "and if you go quietly no harm will come. We wish only to keep you out of mischief."

"Go?" demanded Peter. "Go where?"

"To the *cartel*," said the officer, smiling. "You will be safer there."

He stepped into the light and waved his sword, and from across the street came running many more soldiers. A squad of these the officer detailed to surround his prisoners. To the others he said: "Search the house. Find the third one, Señor Forrester. Do not harm him, but bring him with you!"

At the word, Peter swung his arms free from the man who held them. With a yell of warning, which he hoped would reach Roddy, and pulling impotently at his handcuffs, he dashed into the house, the soldiers racing at his heels

Roddy had finished his inspection of his engine, but was still guarding the launch, waiting with impatience for some one to bring him his dinner. He was relieved to note that from the direction of Miramar there was no sound of fighting. In the lower part of the city he could hear a brisk fusillade, but except from the custom house the firing had more the sound of street fighting than of an organized attack. From this he judged the assault on the artillery barracks had not yet begun. He flashed his electric torch on his watch, and it showed half-past seven. There was still a half hour to wait. He rose and, for the hundredth time, spun the wheel of his engine, examined his revolver, and yawned nervously. It was now quite dark. Through the trees and shrubs in the garden he could see the lights on the dinner-table, and the spectacle made him the more hungry. To remind the others that he was starving, he gave a long whistle. It was at once cautiously answered, to his surprise, not from the house, but from a spot a hundred feet from him, on the shore of the harbor. He decided, as it was in the direction one would take in walking from Miramar, that Pedro had arrived, and he sighed with relief. He was about to repeat his signal of distress, when from the *patio* there arose a sudden tumult. In an instant, with a crash of broken glass and china, the lights were extinguished, and he heard the voice of Peter shrieking his name. He sprang from the launch and started toward the garden. At that moment a heavy body crashed upon the gravel walk, and there was the rush of many feet.

"Roddy!" shrieked the voice of Peter, "they're taking us to jail. They're coming after you. Run!"

In the darkness Roddy could see nothing. He heard what sounded like an army of men trampling and beating the bushes. His first thought was that he must attempt a rescue. He jerked out his gun, and raced down the wharf. Under his flying feet the boards rattled and Peter heard him coming.

"Go back!" he shrieked furiously. "You can't help us! You've got work to do! Do it!"

The profanity with which these orders were issued convinced Roddy that Peter was very much in earnest and in no personal danger.

In another moment he was left no time for further hesitation. His flying footsteps had been heard by the soldiers as well as by Peter, and from the garden they rushed shouting to the beach. Against such odds Roddy saw that to rescue Peter was impossible, while at the same time, even alone, he still might hope to rescue Rojas.

He cast loose the painter of the launch, and with all his strength shoved it clear.

He had apparently acted not a moment too soon, for a figure clad in white leaped upon the wharf and raced toward him. Roddy sprang to the wheel, and the launch moved slowly in a circle. At the first sound of the revolving screw there came from the white figure a cry of dismay. It was strangely weak, strangely familiar, strangely feminine.

"Roddy!" cried the voice. "It is I, Inez!"

With a shout of amazement, joy and consternation, Roddy swung the boat back toward the shore, and by the breadth of an oar-blade cleared the wharf. There was a cry of relief, of delight, a flutter of skirts, and Inez sprang into it.

In an agony of fear for her safety Roddy pushed her to the bottom of the launch

"Get down!" he commanded. "They can see your dress. They'll fire on you

From the shore an excited voice cried in Spanish: "Do I shoot, sergeant?"

"No!" answered another. "Remember your orders!"

"But he escapes!" returned the first voice, and on the word there was a flash, a report, and a bullet whined above them. Another and others followed, but the busy chug-chug of the engine continued undismayed, and as the noise of its progress died away the firing ceased. Roddy left the wheel, and, stooping, took Inez in his arms. Behind them the city was a blaze of light, and the sky above it was painted crimson. From the fortress, rockets, hissing and roaring, signaled to the barracks; from the gunboat, the quick-firing guns were stabbing the darkness with swift, vindictive flashes. In different parts of the city incendiary fires had started and were burning sullenly, sending up into the still night air great, twisting columns of sparks.

The rattle of musketry was incessant.

With his arm about her and her face pressed to his, Inez watched the spectacle unseeingly. For the moment it possessed no significance. And for Roddy, as he held her close, it seemed that she must feel his heart beating with happiness. He had never dared to hope that such a time would come, when they would be alone together, when it would be his right to protect and guard her, when, again and again, he might try to tell her how he loved her. Like one coming from a dream Inez stirred and drew away.

"Where are we going?" she whispered.

"We're going to the tunnel to save your father," answered Roddy.

The girl gave a little sigh of content, and again sank back into the shelter of his arm.

They passed the fortress, giving it a wide berth, and turned in toward the shore. The city now lay far to the right, and the clamor of the conflict came to them but faintly.

"Tell me," said Roddy, "why did you come to the wharf?"

He seemed to be speaking of something that had happened far back in the past, of a matter which he remembered as having once been of vivid importance, but which now was of consequence only in that it concerned her.

Reluctantly Inez broke the silence that had enveloped them.

"They came to the house and arrested Pedro," she said. To her also the subject seemed to be of but little interest. She spoke as though it were only with an effort she could recall the details. "I knew you needed him to convince father you were friends. So, as he could not come, I came. Did I do right?"

"Whatever you do is right," answered Roddy. "We might as well start life with that proposition as a fixed fact."

"And do you want me with you now?" whispered the girl.

"Do I want you with me!" Roddy exclaimed in mock exasperation. "Don't provoke me!" he cried. "I am trying," he protested, "to do my duty, while what I would like to do is to point this boat the other way, and elope with you to Curaçao. So, if you love your father, don't make yourself any more distractingly attractive than you are at this moment. If you don't help me to be strong I will run away with you."

Inez laughed softly and happily, and, leaning toward him, kissed him.

"That's not helping me!" protested Roddy.

"It is for the last time," said Inez, "until he is free."

"That may not be for months!" cried Roddy.

"It is for the last time," repeated Inez.

Roddy concealed the launch in the cove below El Morro, and, taking from the locker a flask of brandy and an extra torch, led the way up the hill. When they drew near to the fortress, fearing a possible ambush he left Inez and proceeded alone to reconnoiter. But El Morro was undisturbed and as he and McKildrick had left it. He returned for Inez, and at the mouth of the tunnel halted and pointed to a place well suited for concealment.

"You will wait there," he commanded.

"No," returned the girl quietly, "I will go with you. You forget I am your sponsor, and," she added gently, "I am more than that. After this, where you go, I go."

As she spoke there came from the wharf of the custom house, lying a mile below them, a flash of flame. It was followed by others, and instantly, like an echo, the guns of the fort replied.

"Shrapnel!" cried Roddy. "They've captured the artillery barracks, and we haven't a moment to lose!"

He threw himself on the levers that moved the slabs of stone and forced them apart. Giving Inez his hand, he ran with her down the steps of the tunnel.

"But why," cried Inez, "is there more need for haste now than before?"

Roddy could not tell her the assault of the Rojas party on the fortress might lead to a reprisal in the assassination of her father

"The sound of the cannon," he answered evasively, "will drown out what we do."

Roddy was now more familiar with the various windings of the tunnel, and they advanced quickly. Following the circles of light cast by their torches, they moved so rapidly that when they reached the wall both were panting. Roddy held his watch in front of the light and cried out with impatience.

"Ten minutes!" he exclaimed, "and every minute—" He checked himself and turned to the wall. The dynamite, with the cap and fuse attached, was as McKildrick had placed it. For a tamp he scooped up from the surface of the tunnel a handful of clay, and this he packed tightly over the cap, leaving the fuse free. He led Inez back to a safe distance from the wall, and there, with eyes fastened on Roddy's watch, they waited. The seconds dragged interminably. Neither spoke, and the silence of the tunnel weighed upon them like the silence of a grave. But even buried as they were many feet beneath the ramparts, they could hear above them the reverberations of the cannon.

"They are firing in half-minute intervals," whispered Roddy. "I will try to set off the dynamite when they fire, so that in the casemates, at least, no one will hear me. When the explosion comes," he directed, "wait until I call you, and if I shout to you to run, for God's sake," he entreated, "don't delay an instant, but make for the mouth of the tunnel."

"I Will Tell You the Name of a Girl Who is Going to be Kissed in One Second"

Inez answered him in a tone of deep reproach. "You are speaking," she said, "to a daughter of General Rojas." Her voice trembled, but, as Roddy knew, it trembled from excitement. "You must not think of *me*," commanded the girl. "I am here to help, not to be a burden. And," she added gently, her love speaking to him in her voice, "we leave this place together, or not at all."

Her presence had already shaken Roddy, and now her words made the necessity of leaving her seem a sacrifice too great to be required of him. Almost brusquely, he started from her.

"I must go," he whispered. "Wish me good luck for your father."

"May God preserve you both!" answered the girl.

As he walked away Roddy turned and shifted his light for what he knew might be his last look at her. He saw her standing erect as a lance, her eyes flashing. Her lips were moving and upon her breast her fingers traced the sign of the cross.

Roddy waited until his watch showed a minute to nine o'clock. To meet the report of the next gun he delayed a half-minute longer, and then lit the fuse, and running back flattened himself against the side of the tunnel. There was at last a dull, rumbling roar and a great crash of falling rock. Roddy raced to the sound and saw in the wall a gaping, black hole. Through it, from the other side, lights showed dimly. In the tunnel he was choked with a cloud of powdered cement. He leaped through this and, stumbling over a mass of broken stone, found himself in the cell. Except for the breach in the wall the explosion had in no way disturbed it. The furniture was in place, a book lay untouched upon the table; in the draft from the tunnel the candles flickered drunkenly. But of the man for whom he sought, for whom he was risking his life, there was no sign. With a cry of amazement and alarm Roddy ran to the iron door of the cell. It was locked and bolted. Now that the wall no longer deadened the sound his ears were assailed by all the fierce clamor of the battle. Rolling toward him down the stone corridor came the splitting roar of the siege guns, the rattle of rifle fire, the shouts of men. Against these sounds, he recognized that the noise of the explosion had carried no farther than the limits of the cell, or had been confused with the tumult overhead. He knew, therefore, that from that source he need not fear discovery. But in the light of the greater fact that his attempt at rescue had failed, his own immediate safety became of little consequence. He turned and peered more closely into each corner of the cell. The clouds of cement thrown up by the dynamite had settled; and hidden by the table, Roddy now saw, huddled on the stone floor, with his back against the wall, the figure of a man. With a cry of relief and concern Roddy ran toward him and flashed his torch. It was Vicenti. The face of the young doctor was bloodless, his eyes wild and staring.

"Go!" he whispered. His voice was weak and racked with pain. "Some one has betrayed us. They know everything!"

Roddy exclaimed furiously, and, for an instant, his mind was torn with doubts.

"And you!" he demanded. "Why are you here?"

Vicenti, reading the suspicion in his eyes, raised his hands; the pantomime was sufficiently eloquent. In deep circles around his wrists were new, raw wounds.

"They tried to make me tell," he whispered. "They think you're coming in the launch. You, with the others. When I wouldn't answer, they put me here. It was their jest. You were to find me instead of the other. They are waiting now on the ramparts above us, waiting for you to come in the launch. They know nothing of the tunnel."

Roddy's eyes were fixed in horror on the bleeding wrists.

"They tortured you!" he cried.

"I fainted. When I came to," whispered the doctor, "I found myself locked in here. For God's sake," he pleaded, "save yourself!"

"And Rojas?" demanded Roddy.

"That is impossible!" returned Vicenti, answering Roddy's thought. "He is in another cell, far removed, the last one in this corridor."

"In *this* corridor?" demanded Roddy.

Vicenti feebly reached out his hand and seized Roddy's arm.

"It is impossible!" he pleaded. "You can't get out of this cell."

"I will get out of it the same way I got in," answered Roddy. "Can you walk?"

With his eyes Vicenti measured the distance to the breach in the wall.

"Help me!" he begged.

Roddy lifted him to his feet and, with his arm around him, supported him into the tunnel. He gave him brandy, and Vicenti nodded gratefully.

"Farther on," directed Roddy, "you will find Señorita Rojas. Tell her she must go at once. Don't let her know that I am going after her father."

(Continued on Page 34)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers
To Canada—By Subscription $1.95 the Year. Single copies, five cents
Foreign Subscriptions For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $1.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 1, 1909

Guaranteed Bank Deposits

FOR an institution which was hanged, drawn, quartered, burned and buried in obloquy by all eminent Republican financiers only a few months ago, the Oklahoma plan of guaranteeing bank deposits shows considerable vitality.

First Kansas, then Nebraska, have followed with guaranty laws modeled upon that of Oklahoma, and South Dakota has passed a bill embodying the principle in somewhat different form. The Kansas law excludes from the benefits of the guaranty fund demand deposits on which interest is paid—which ought to discourage mere speculative banking. The Oklahoma law, it will be recalled, went into effect in February, 1908, so the neighboring States mentioned have had opportunity to observe its effects, at first hand, for more than a year. Apparently they fail to discover those deadly characteristics which were so copiously pointed out at long range during the campaign; and the national bankers of Kansas lately sent a delegation to Washington seeking permission to participate in the plan.

One cannot tell, after only fourteen months' trial, how the plan is going to work out in Oklahoma; but one can tell, with no trial at all, that how it will work out is purely a question of administration. If it is well administered it will work out well. If speculators are tolerated and the banks permitted to bid extravagantly for deposits, if the State board is too much interfered with by politics or by enjoining courts, if examinations are lax and dummy directors encouraged, it will work out badly. Except at first, when twenty-two national banks gave up their charters, the guaranty of deposits by State concerns seems not to have made much impression on the national banks of Oklahoma. Its practical operation is still in the experimental state; but the experiment is worth while.

Camel Tracks in Captivity

TO EXCITE emulation among employees is the object of nearly every big, well-managed concern. Thus A's exertions not only increase his own productivity, but stimulate that of B and C. We have often wondered how the Standard Oil Company applies this valuable device in its legal department. For some time, being prosecuted has been one of its regular occupations—not a mere incidental thing, but a standing feature of the business, like buying oil or selling axle-grease. Probably the batting averages of its attorneys are quietly posted every quarter, to please the most successful and spur on the rest.

"Wherever," observed counsel in the St. Louis trial, "the foot of civilized man has trod, wherever the hoof of the camel has made its imprint in the sands of the desert, wherever flies the flag of any nation, there the Standard Oil Company sells its product." To which it might be replied that so long as civilized man continues treading on feet, so long as the famed beast of the desert retains that odor which, no less than the hump, has characterized him from remotest time, that long will the Standard Oil Company keep on doing so.

Hoping he will not be beaten more than two to one, the campaign manager claims eighty per cent of the total vote. In great lawsuits, the same persiflage is permissible. The real question at issue at St. Louis is one of etiquette—whether the company shall style itself so-and-so or so-and-so. In an essentially similar suit, judgment was pronounced against it many years ago—and it simply reorganized under a slightly different name. Since then it has been more prosperous than ever before. Not a camel track has got away from it.

What the Traffic Will Bear

THE haul from the East to Spokane is some four hundred miles shorter than to Seattle. Spokane complained that, for the shorter haul, it was charged a higher freight rate.

The Interstate Commerce Commission—while reducing rates to Spokane on other grounds—decided that the city was not necessarily entitled to as low a rate as its more distant rival, for rates to the latter are governed by water competition.

The freight rate, in short, is not governed by the service. It is not a question of so many yards of service at so much per yard. If it is necessary in some cases in order to get the business, the roads may charge more for a shorter haul than for a longer one. On the other hand, it is well settled that the sum total of rates must be sufficient to cover total cost of the service, plus a fair profit to the carriers. All rates, taken together, must be fairly profitable.

Under such a condition it seems clear that, if competitive rates are materially lower than non-competitive ones, the latter must yield more than a fair profit.

The average freight rate per ton per mile is low; but a good deal of tonnage is carried below the average—soft coal, for example, in which the railroad interest is large. For "competitive" business, also, proportionately less is charged than for non-competitive. So a low average freight rate, and a total profit which is not excessive, are quite compatible with a whole lot of individual rates which are excessive.

Victims of the individual rates will not cease complaining simply because the sum of all rates is fair. There will be no peace in the railroad camp until rates are based upon service, rather than upon what the traffic will bear.

Money From Nowhere

THE art and science of protection have advanced notably in eighteen years. When the McKinley bill was passed—as every reader whose memory runs back that far will recall—"the foreigner paid the tax." Protection, we were told, simply compelled the foreign manufacturer to knock off about fifty per cent of his price when selling to American consumers. But no longer does "the foreigner pay the tax." Loyal protectionists have discovered that he doesn't. They have discovered, in fact, that nobody at all pays it. High tariff, without imposing the slightest burden upon anybody, simply makes three hundred and odd millions of revenue out of hand—as a good conjurer takes perfectly real rabbits out of a perfectly empty silk hat.

Hosiery manufacturers want a higher duty on stockings, and the Payne bill gives it to them. They solemnly assure the public in a large advertisement that "neither price nor quality of American goods would be affected by an increased duty on foreign goods. . . . Absolutely no increase over present price to the consumer would be caused by the increased duty. Its only effect would be to give employment to American instead of European labor."

Of course, that is why the manufacturers want the higher duty—just because it will not increase the price at all. The tariff, we are told, enables the American manufacturer to pay higher wages than his foreign competitor; but it doesn't accomplish this result, it seems, in any such crude manner as that of raising the price to the consumer. The difference simply comes out of the air.

An English statesman once evolved a wonderful sinking fund, which was going to extinguish the national debt automatically without any further burden to anybody. We don't recall at the moment whether or not he was a protectionist, but we think he must have been.

The House on Thin Ice

THE House amended the Payne bill by putting coffee, tea and oil on the free list, and raising the rates on barley and malt.

The countervailing duty on coffee would have been a good revenue producer; but somebody early pointed out that it would "tax the poor man's breakfast," which promptly settled its fate. Not that there's anything especially sacred about the poor man's breakfast as compared with his dinner and supper, or that there is the slightest danger of his getting away merely because he is given one meal's start of the tariff. But that phrase, "taxing the poor man's breakfast," would have come in very handy for the opposition next fall. In fact, after they had said it over to themselves a few times, many members of the majority leaped like the startled fawn whenever they heard coffee mentioned.

Protection was removed from petroleum because that commodity has become associated with some men whom no statesman wishes to be accused of favoring. It is perilous business—this passing a tariff bill with Congressional elections only a few months off.

When the final vote was taken the general feeling of the House, we learn, was much like that of a man who has swallowed a potion in the dark and is trying to decide by the taste it left whether it was drinking water or the potato-bug mixture.

The Enemies of Direct Primaries

THERE will, of course, be a direct primary law in New York. Probably there will be such a law in every State. Enough is known of the workings of the system to show that it isn't any patent, automatic, political renovating machine. In Wisconsin, for example, direct primaries have made elections more expensive than ever before—so expensive that some observers say a poor man is practically barred from an important office. In Illinois about the same men won at the primaries who would have won at old-fashioned conventions. The primary, indeed, seems to have played into the hands of the hard-pressed bosses by enabling them to plump gang Democratic votes for gang Republican candidates. Nearly everywhere defects appear. Some will be cured and some will not.

Yet, undoubtedly, the direct primary idea grows in the affections of the people. If you wish to know the reason don't bother about details of its working in this place and that, but just look at the men who, everywhere, are head and front of the opposition to it. That alone will settle the question. Thanks to long and painful experience, the popular inclination to get on the opposite side of the fence from the most determined foes of direct primaries has become almost an instinct.

Private News and Speculation

FOR a number of successive Mondays, at this writing, a good many gentlemen in Wall Street have been trying to guess whether the United States Supreme Court would hand down a decision on the "commodities clause" that day, and what the decision would be. The decision might materially affect the value of certain stocks, notably Reading. There has been the usual crop of good tips, which were all wrong; but on the whole the guessing hasn't proven satisfactory.

It never does. You will hear it alleged, with admiration, that the successful speculator is he who knows what is going to happen. But that is quite incorrect. The really successful speculator is he who knows what has happened—and knows it first.

Formerly this was a difficult feat. How Nathan Rothschild, after Waterloo, risked his life to get to London ahead of the news of the victory has been told; also how he skillfully disseminated rumors of a defeat and artistically trimmed the bears. One of his predecessors regularly paid the great Marlborough for that illustrious commander's able assistance to his new service; and before that Sir Henry Furnese, by maintaining a costly personal service, often got the first news of important European events—often, also, favored his friends with first news which was sadly misleading.

It is mostly a matter of getting a "scoop" on the news. Nowadays, if the speculator, as director or officer of the corporation, has a hand in making the news, it is obviously much easier for him to know it first. He gets his "scoop" automatically, so to speak.

An Object-Lesson for Farmers

TO BUY twenty million bushels of May wheat on the usual margin of five cents a bushel would obviously require an investment of one million dollars—or, say, in a general sort of way, one-fifth of one per cent of the average annual farm value of the country's wheat crop.

The Board of Trade talent has been estimating that Mr. Patten's line of the May option amounted to about twenty million bushels. Since the beginning of the year the natural factors of the wheat trade have developed uniformly in a manner favorable to the bull position, and it is safe to say that the price of wheat would have advanced somewhat without any manipulation. It is equally safe to say that the tremendous advance of thirty cents a bushel was largely due to Mr. Patten's control of the market through holding that big line of May.

May, as we have pointed out before, is no time for farmers to sell wheat. They have sold theirs before. But it is an excellent time for them to sit up and think. All conservative economists assure them that they cannot possibly influence the price of grain beneficially to themselves by any sort of coöperation to control the market; that the price must always be governed entirely by the natural law of supply and demand. But they see what is actually done to the price by a purely speculative market control, and with what astonishing ease—at how low a price, so to speak—that control is obtained. We don't see why the law of supply and demand should be any kinder to Mr. Patten than to a farmer.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Hearts Insurgent

WHEN it comes to being an insurgent, a real, surquidous surger, constantly in action, marching down the aisles of Congress and casting a javelin every time Uncle Joe Cannon gets his brannigans above the top of the Speaker's desk, Gussie Gardner, sometimes known as the Honorable Augustus Peabody Gardner for short, has medals and wears them proudly on a swelling chest. He is there with bells on, as the saying goes.

Now, heed this: There are various reasons for being an insurgent in the House of Representatives, beginning with the promptings of a conscience that regrets the ruthless rules and the usurpation of power by the machine, and stringing along to the working out of a grouch caused by keeping a good man down and not allotting him his proper place; but the real reason, nine times out of ten, is because the folks back home insist upon it. The folks back home cannot understand why their pride and joy, the elected representative of some 197,000, more or less, free and untrammeled American citizens, cannot and does not go to Washington and rip things wide open as soon as he can get past the doorkeepers without being held up.

They hear stories about gag law and all that sort of thing and talk it over, and they say to their p and j: "This must not be so. We are sending you to protest, and protest you must. Get into action at once or we will find a man who can." Thus, most of the insurgents are insurgents in spite of themselves. They do not want to be. It is much more comfortable to be a spoke in a nice, rubber-tired wheel than it is to be a bur under a saddle. They know where they will come out, and they deprecate it; but they heed the clarion voice of the folks at home.

Victor Murdock, of Kansas, for example, couldn't be anything but an insurgent if he wanted to, which he does not, for his folks at home stop while doing the chores to say cross things about Cannon and the crowd. It is a sort of a religion with them, like hating the Beef Trust and Standard Oil. But in the case of Gussie it is different. He comes from Massachusetts, and his folks do not give a hoot whether he is an insurgent or a subservient. He could come back to Congress right along even if he were acting as majority whip or had a job perpetrating outrages on the helpless minority as a member of the Committee on Rules.

So he insurges for fun. He runs amuck for the cheer of it. He hands Uncle Joe a wallop now and then, just for the elation of pasting that aged and acute statesman, and he takes his punches with genial grins. It may be that he is emulating Colonel Sam McCall, also of Massachusetts, but Colonel Sam is a constitutional and congenital insurgent. He can't help it, but he has his own system. Whenever Colonel Sam insurges he makes mighty sure that he is off the reservation alone and single-handed. He is a solitary revolutionist. No combinations for him.

Gardner is a gregarious insurrectionist. He wants company. There is no enjoyment for him in standing out alone and defying the lightning. It might hit him. What he desires and endeavors to gather together is a jolly band of kickers who will give kicks when he gives the word and receive kicks with that equanimity that marks the sportsman and, by its lack, distinguishes the mere performer. Besides, there is safety in numbers, and comfort.

At that, Gardner has a reason—plenty of them, perhaps—for his protest against the rules. There was that time, not so long ago, when the question of censuring President Roosevelt was before the House, censuring him because he had made a few remarks about Congress and the Secret Service, alleging that it seemed to the Presidential mind Congress was trying to crimp the Secret Service because Congress was somewhat concerned about what the Secret Service might dig up about Congressional individualities, idiosyncrasies and interests—a foolish performance at the best, for Congress failed to realize that Mr. Roosevelt had beaten them to the censure business and had his before the country without debate and with some few rounds of applause.

Unspoken Words of Ringing Protest

WELL, Gussie, desirous of doing his amuck specialty and of shooting a few twisters into the rules at the same time, ran valiantly to the defense of Mr. Roosevelt, not that Mr. Roosevelt was not capable of taking care of himself, but just to be opposed to the crowd. He endeavored to execute a few parliamentary frills and, when he came to, found that those very same rules had tied him in a double bow-knot and left him with a large cargo of perfectly-good language in his system. Briefly, they choked off Gussie by means of those hated rules and left him puffed out with perorations and dropsical with unspoken words of ringing protest!

Left Puffed Out With Perorations

That, I take it, shows the facinorous quality of those rules more clearly than any event of the past year. It was a palpable and a palpitating outrage, and was denominated as such by all thinking men who denominated it at all—the same being not many—and Gardner was righteously indignant. It served to add fuel to the flame, to kindle anew those fires of resentment that had been burning in that medaled chest or heart or somewhere—burning, anyhow. And then, as if to make his protest ring still clearer, Gussie voted for the resolution of censure he had tried to prevent—on the theory, probably, that, inasmuch as he was full of unspoken speech, and, therefore, not able to put his views properly before the country, he might as well go with the crowd, having stepped into the spotlight for the moment, at least.

Still, there is another side to the character of Gardner, and one that may explain his opposition to the rules. Although he appears to the casual observer to be the ever-valiant, always-ready foe to oppression in the House of Representatives, there are moments when he doubts even himself, when he pleads for a change of the rules that he may always appear in his true part as crusader. He wants temptation put from his path. Knowing his own temperament, he asks for support impossible under the present rules.

The Dilemma of an Insurgent

HE WAS declaiming about it in the House one day, and he turned earnestly to the grim leaders and, with tears in his voice, painted this pathetic picture of the other side of that fearless—apparently—nature, showed why he needs new rules in order that he may live up to his convictions.

Listen: "As I have said, it may often be the case that a majority of the House wishes to conceal its attitude. I am sorry to say that at times I myself have been in that state of mind. Like every one else, I have often been only too glad when bills were smothered and have been as ready as the next man to take advantage of any situation which could prevent the consideration of some awkward measure."

Pathetic, isn't it? Here is a noble soul striving to slam the tar out of these rules and, at times, led astray by those very rules himself and glad of their very gagginess. It seems bitter, bitter crool to lay such stumbling-blocks before so militant a soldier for the common good.

It is only occasionally that he falters like this. He generally insurges according to the latest specifications. His was the voice that led the fight against Uncle Joe at the organization of the present tariff session. His was the mind that directed the battle of the insurgents against the rules. His was the inspiring presence that fought to the last ditch—amply crossing one ditch on one bridge by voting for Joseph Greenleaf Cannon for Speaker—of course, the real fight was on the rules—the real fight—you bet—and his was the eye that dimmed most perceptibly when the loathsome machine threw the net over a few Democrats—a few—but enough—and told the catch to swat the insurgents at a point just below the Adam's apple.

He didn't get the rules revised perceptibly, and while he is still insurging and resurging and will continue to, ever and anon, there is the horrid possibility that there may come a time when he will be led into temptation by those very rules that shackle that other side of his nature to the wheels of the organization.

We hope for the best. Athletic at Harvard, he is athletic still. A soldier in the Spanish War, he is a soldier still. Rich in his own right, he isn't losing any money. He has a knack for political organization, is a good talker, plays his game and has fun. He tops the other insurgents handily, is liked and respected and may do something big some day.

SPECIAL NOTICE: Originality is the life of literature. Therefore I point out with pride that this is the only article ever written about the Honorable Gussie wherein there is neither mention of nor comment nor conclusion on the fact that he is the son-in-law of Senator Lodge.

The Last Punch

IT WAS at a dinner-party in Hongkong, as one of the returned navy globe-circlers avers, when an Englishman turned to his neighbor and asked: "Have you seen the lawst Punch?"

"I hope so," replied the neighbor, and got his laugh from everybody but the Englishman

"But I say, old chap, have you seen the lawst Punch?" persusted the Englishman.

"I hope to Heaven I have," said the neighbor, and got another laugh.

The Englishman said nothing more, but next day he met his neighbor on the street and accosted him: "I say, old chap, you remembah lawst night at dinner when I awsked you if you had seen the lawst Punch and you said you hoped you had. What did you mean, old chap?"

"Oh, nothing; it was merely a joke. You asked me if I had seen the last Punch and I said I hoped I had, meaning I hoped the bally thing would quit coming out."

"Aw," commented the Englishman, after a moment's silence, "but they are still printing it, you know, old chap."

Up-to-Date Detecting

IT SO fell out, recently, that the daily movements of several persons in Washington were being watched by Secret Service men, supplemented by private detectives.

The men who were watched knew all about it and why. One day one of them was in his office when a young man came in and asked: "Are you Mr. So-and-So?"

"I am. Why?"

"Can I see you alone?"

"You see me alone. What do you want?"

"This is very particular, private business."

"Very well," said So-and-So, closing his office door. "Now we are not likely to be interrupted; go ahead."

"Mr. So-and-So," said the visitor, "I am a detective."

"I thought as much," replied So-and-So, who was getting bored by the people who were watching him.

"Yes, I came to town two days ago and applied for a job at This-and-That's detective agency. They said they would give me a job if I could make good. They told me to make a report on you, everything you have done for the last two days, and I thought the best way to find out was to come and ask you. Would you mind telling me?"

So-and-So laughed. "You have more intelligence than the rest of your gang," he said. "Certainly, I'll tell you," and he did to the minutest detail.

Whereupon the detective turned in his report and it was checked up with the reports of the other men who were watching the same So-and-So, and was so complete that he was highly complimented and given a job.

The Hall of Fame

¶ It is essential the public should know that the name of the new Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Mr. Nagel, is pronounced Nahgel.

¶ Captain Archibald Willingham DeGraffenreid Butt, who is one of President Taft's military aides and his golfing opponent usually, used to be a Washington newspaper correspondent.

¶ Vice-President Sherman has given everybody a twist by wearing a sack coat while he presides over the Senate. Vice-President Fairbanks never wore anything but a very frocky frock coat at any time, having been born swathed in one of those distinguished garments.

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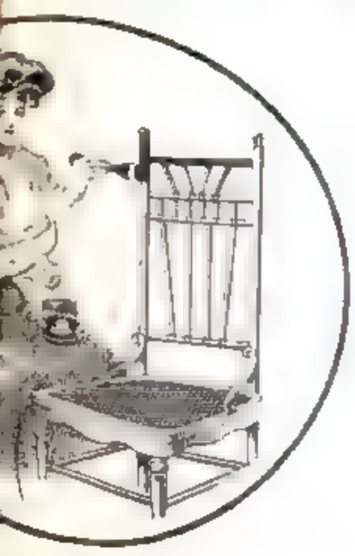

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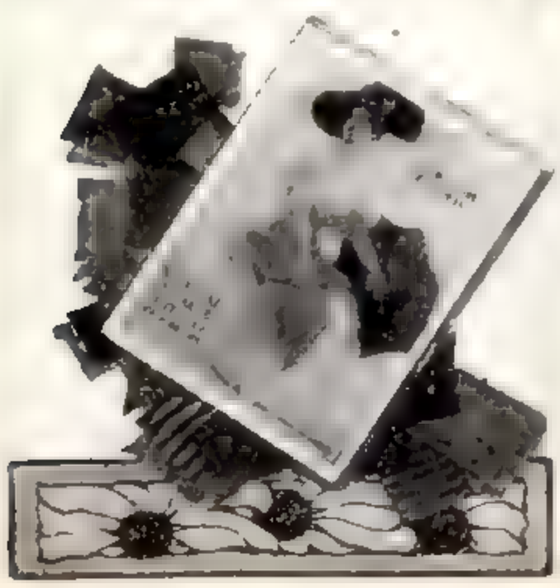


The Senator's Secretary

WE HAVE two nice, clean, tan-colored young men in livery at the front door of the White House now, and a nice, clean, tan-colored cow in the back yard, without livery, but not needing it particularly, especially as they have built a fence around her. Her name is Molly The names of the boys at the door are Charlie and James.

All this typifies the new régime. As has been observed before, we are departing, brethren, in our own way from the Roosevelt method and taking on the Taft mode. One might think, from the displacing of policemen and ushers at the front door and the installation of Molly in the back yard, that we are in for a session of the simple life; but one must not jump at conclusions, lest one might err. It is going to be simple all right, but not too simple—just so-so, as they say. The mere inclusion of a pleasant, open-faced cow among the Presidential assets isn't so significant as might be imagined. Notwithstanding the deductions that have been made, the only real deduction that has any bearing on the case is the deduction of milk, which is what Molly has been engaged for.

The fact is here: The social end of the Taft Administration isn't going to be more brilliant than the social end of the Roosevelt seven years—it couldn't but it is going to be less miscellaneous.

Those door-boys who bobbed up there on March 5 were no suddenly-arrived-at pair of conclusions. Their liveries fitted perfectly and had been made for them. The ushers and the policemen were shooed out on the lawn. The idea is that the White House, for the next four years, will be used pretty much as a home, not as an inn; and policemen are not required at home doors as permanent decorations.

Washington is a very blasé town, not excited about the White House and careless of its social influence, to hear Washingtonians tell it. Presidents come and go and are taken as a matter of course, but every time these utterly indifferent Washington society people get White House invitations they print it in all the papers, give three cheers, and hurry down on the prescribed night and stay until they put out the lights. What do they care for an invitation to the White House? Not a thing, positively; not more than they care for their right arms

What is happening at the White House, and what will happen in greater measure as the Administration gets older, is that there will be a lot of pruning done, and many persons who think they shouldn't will be pruned. We are going to be social to a fare-you-well, but social in an exclusive and select and non-general way. The near-Cabinet set will not be so prominent, the high clerks and secretaries will not be on the lists, and there will be a good deal of formality about it all. The Cabinet women have been told their duties.

Diplomatic Social Fluttering

Assistant secretaries of departments who have wealth and can entertain suitably are becoming numerous. The Secret Service sleuths are compelled to wear high hats and frock coats. The military aides and the naval aides are tricked out in their most bullioned uniforms and kept constantly on duty, and the speedway is to be made into as much of a Hyde Park as it will stand.

Mrs. Taft has determined on all this. She has her own ideas as to who shall be on her lists and she is exercising her prerogative. President Taft is personally hail-fellow-well-met to all comers and takes over his social duties as a part of his job, performing them diligently, but rather bored than otherwise, and not attempting to set any precedent. Mrs. Taft, as hostess of the White House, is looking after that part of it. Wherefore, all Washington is excited and anxious and wondering who will come in and who stay out, being, as I have said, careless and indifferent to the whole matter—not to any appreciable extent.

Meantime, barring these social flutters, all is peace and quietness in the Administration end of our fair city. We are calm and contemplative. We are giving no imitations of revolving storm-doors. Two or three times a week the President knocks off for the afternoon and plays golf Nearly every other afternoon he goes for a ride with an imposing cavalcade, on an astonished horse. He goes to the theater frequently. If a thing cannot be done today let's do it tomorrow. Hurry? Not at all There is plenty of time. Also, deliberation is a fine asset for a Chief Executive

Then, too, our pet little Secretary of State. Mr. Philander C. Knox, in his capacity of soft-pedaler, is showing the world how a man can be the Premier of a Cabinet and still have a lot of fun. Teaching by example, Mr. Knox is the greatest exponent of the let-us-have-peace idea in our midst. They may hand him all the perplexing diplomatic problems they choose, but about four afternoons a week he hears the golf links calling, and he listens to the call. Carefully putting such world-staggering documents as he may have in hand in the lower left-hand drawer of his desk, and leaving a cheery word for visiting and agitated diplomatists, he grabs up an opponent and slopes for the links. Never do today what can just as well be left until next week is his motto, as contributing to the greatly-desired atmosphere of conservatism he is endeavoring to create. There is no hurry Be perfectly calm

It is catching, too We have almost forgotten the old whirligig days but nobody seems to mind except the correspondents, who wail that Taft does not provide a stickful of copy where T. R. would furnish a page. We notice it in the departments Judge Dickinson is moving slowly, taking one matter instead of sixteen at a time. Mr. Wickersham is wickershaming in his same old way: let's look into it before we decide. And so all along the line, for really these spring days in Washington are delightful, and, perhaps, things have been rushed too much for the past seven years. What?

Feeling for Cracks in the Armor

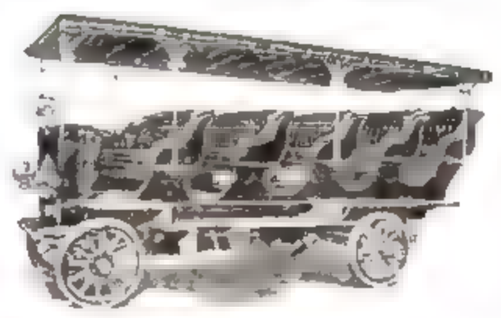
Take it from Mr. Knox, our leading apostle of tranquillity and rest, the closest we shall get to the boiling point in the near future will be a gentle simmer. Nary a rock shall we heave at any individual, corporation, nation or universe. We are a peaceful people, and we shall remain so, if Mr. Knox has to take an axe to possible inciters of trouble. Over in the Department of Justice the list of actions brought by Mr. Roosevelt's lawyers are being given the acid test. Plenty of them will be dropped. Cases where there is no chance of winning will be quashed. Dozens of prosecutions will be let go by the board.

But this doesn't mean that Mr. Taft intends to quash them all. Not a bit like it. What he intends to do, being a lawyer, is to have his lawyers tackle the cases that can be won on lines they can be won on. He is not jabbing an inquisitorial pitchfork out into the night hoping to spear a malefactor of great wealth. He has a certain set method of procedure mapped out and he knows how he can go along That is what he has Mr. Wickersham working on; not to see how many cases he can bring or how many investigations he can begin, but what sort of evidence there is and what are the chances for conviction.

If the Beef Trust and the Tobacco Trust and the Standard Oil Company magnates think they will escape without trouble they are much mistaken. They will not escape without a whole heap of trouble, and, if Mr. Taft has his way, they will not escape at all; but the trouble they will get will be along lines that will give the United States a chance of coming out somewhere with credit, not such nonsense as twenty-nine-million-dollar fines that are thrown out by higher courts.

Taft's instructions have been explicit. They are: get these people if they have violated any law, but before you go out to get them be sure you can get them. There is no hurry. Take your time. But discover a method of procedure that will bring results, get a crack in the armor, and do not go banging around hoping a chance blow will bring something down.

There are some Roosevelt policies and more of the Roosevelt methods with which Mr. Taft has little sympathy, but he has never had any other idea than that



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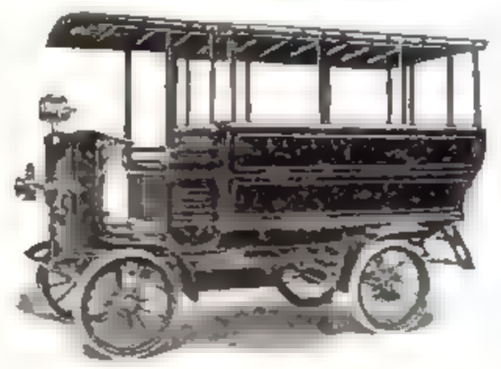

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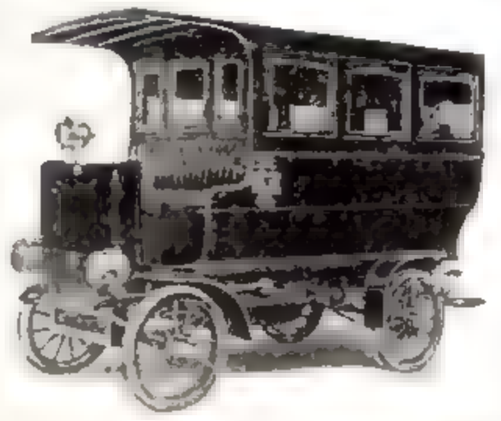

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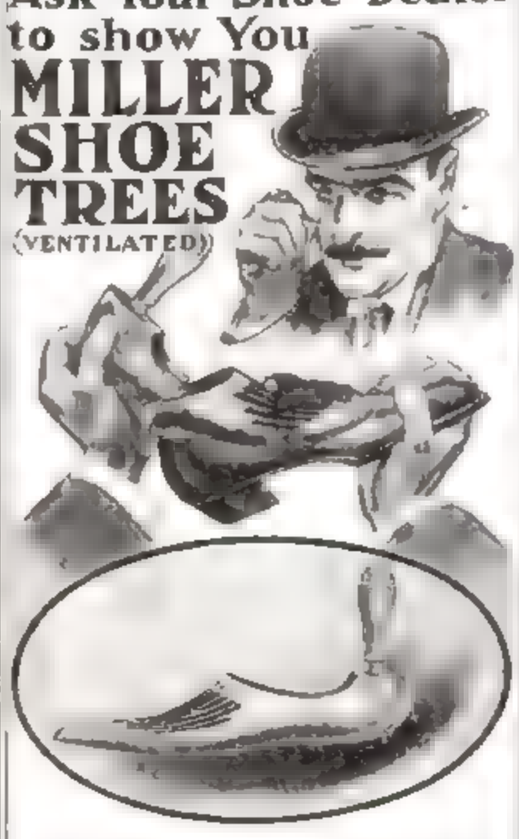

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arrogant and dishonest trusts and combinations should be punished and regulated by the Department of Justice, and he has not changed. He will see they are punished and regulated, too, if it is in the cards, and when he puts the screws on there will be more than a squeak; there will be a howl. He doesn't intend to disturb business or tear things wide open, but there are several trusts that would better watch out, and the names of three of them are Beef, Tobacco and Standard Oil

From March 15 to April 1 more than six hundred thousand words of talk about the tariff was talked in the House of Representatives and since that time the output has been as great. Man after man got up at his place and raised his voice either in defense of the bill as a whole, calling it a most beatific measure; or in attack on the bill as a whole, calling it the most iniquitous proposal for raising revenues the world has ever seen; or on specific schedules, the same being equally beneficent or equally damnable, as the case may have been.

It was all a dreary farce. When the debate was going on, before the bill went under the five-minute rule, scores of speeches were made to empty galleries and to empty seats on the floor, with no auditors except the men scheduled to speak on that day and waiting to get their accumulated wisdom off their chests It was all done for effect back home. Every patriot has a district interested in the tariff on some particular thing or things. The people back home must know that every patriot's position is in accordance with the views of the majority of the voters who sent him here. So he rigs up a speech full of figures and wise saws and modern instances and grinds it out; whereupon, it is duly printed in the Congressional Record and passed back to the boys for discussion in the local forums.

Damon Taft and Pythias Sherman

The newspapers that used to print pages of tariff debate confine themselves to stories of the politics of it and let the debate go hang. The public knows only vaguely what is going on, but all the interests affected are on the spot. They are here in droves, looking for reductions or increases on everything from divi-divi to zaffer. Meantime, the astute Nelson W. Aldrich, alias the Senate, is getting in his hooks and preparing to accomplish what he desires along the line of tariff-making.

It will be a sham battle in the Senate. There are evidences of that already. Brer Stephen Benton Elkins arose in his place recently and let a howl out of him that could be heard a mile. The New England Senators were making a tariff to suit themselves, and he protested, Brer Elkins did, in the name of the sacred protected industries of his imperial State of West Virginia, against this outrage. He cast his aspersions into the teeth of Aldrich and Hale and Lodge and the rest of the New England crowd, and declared, on his high and holy honor, he would have none of it. He roared like a lion, bellowed like a bull, yipped and yowled and cried out against the infamy of it all. Then he sat down, and Senator Aldrich remarked: "That being the case, I move we buy Stevie a good cigar and give him a nice automobile ride," and next day Elkins was fairly well propitiated.

There will be plenty of other yowlers and yippers in the Senate, loads of them; but the yowling and yipping will be mostly for public consumption and will, or will not, have its effect. It will be a bogus, but exciting, conflict. The Senate knows what kind of a tariff bill it will make. The House knows what kind of a tariff bill it will have to take. The President knows what kind of a tariff bill he has to sign, but the noise will continue for some time after this is written, and then we will all go on our vacations and all will be well

Vice-President Sherman is getting on terms of positive intimacy with the President. He plays golf with him frequently and is called into consultation now and again, wherein Mr. Taft has squashed another Roosevelt precedent, for the cordiality between Roosevelt and Fairbanks was purely superficial and the Vice-President never was called into consultation on anything, to say nothing of being a companion in pleasures of any kind. Moreover, Sherman is most popular with the dinner-givers and is the guest of honor somewhere night after night. He has,

A Million Dollar Tire Challenge

We Challenge every automobile owner **now using**

Diamond Tires

To buy and use one tire of **any other make.** Particularly, let the man who **never used** any but Diamond Tires, check up his **experience**—get **first hand** knowledge.

We Challenge every automobile owner **not** now using

Diamond Tires

To buy **just one** Diamond Tire—to put it on the right rear, the **hardest place** on his car, then check **comparative tire results** carefully and impartially.

A MILLION DOLLARS

For the aggregate saving in tire cost to Automobile Owners this year, as a result, is **a low estimate.** We are very earnest. We publish this advertisement in all seriousness and the utmost good faith. As an economic proposition every user of an automobile should make the test. Note the types we manufacture. Our book "Care and Use of Tires," free, on request.

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Bought 'em Yet?

You'll have to. Send or spend 25c. today while you have it in mind. CONGDON Silk Ribbon Laces are smarter than any shoe lace you've seen. They're stronger than others. They wear better, tie easier, tighter and neater. They improve any Oxford 200% at least. Get today

Congdon Patent
CLOTH COVERED TIP
Silk Ribbon Laces
Made by Fletcher Mfg. Co.
Introductory Price
25c. Pair
Black or Tan

25¢ per pair

No more smashed [illegible] tips [illegible] CONGDON Silk Ribbon Laces [illegible] proud of your shoes. They're [illegible] like a Cloth Tip [illegible] when worn out you simply toss them.

Mercerized Oxfords 15c.
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Buy of your shoe or notions dealer or send to us.

P. J. CONGDON.
30 in.
Patent Lacing.
Patented
SUPERIOR QUALITY
NO
FLETCHER MANF'G CO.
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FLETCHER MFG. CO. Providence, R. I.

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH

No turpentine—No Acid—An entirely new and original preparation—So superior that once used, always used.

10 cents
At All Dealers

The F. F Dalley Co. Ltd.
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CAN'T YOU WRITE WELL?

This $1.00 worth of my Patented Pen Practice Sheets [illegible] or vertically and if not materially [illegible] and get your $1.00 back at once
WALTER THOMSON, Box 55, FARGO, N. D.

EXTENDED [illegible] FOLDED

[illegible] Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

apparently, set out to make the Vice-Presidency a red-blooded affair, anyhow, and, by the same token, has sought to put a few frills on himself in his new biography in the Congressional Directory.

"In the course of twenty years' service Mr. Sherman became one of the prominent members of the House, his last term being a member of the Committee on Rules," the biography says, and, further on: "As a presiding officer his ability is recognized in both branches of Congress." But, at that, nobody should carp at these bouquets, for the Vice-President gets few enough, at the best.

They brought a story up to the Senate a few days ago from the White House that made some of those eminent lawmakers and patriots on the majority side blink their eyes, especially those who have been thinking there must be a breach between Taft and Roosevelt, not realizing that while the Taft methods and Roosevelt methods may scream in opposition there is an abiding affection between the men.

Taft was talking to a visitor and said: "The President said to me ——"

"You mean the ex-President, do you not, Mr. President?" inquired the visitor, anxious to butt into the conversation.

"Well," said Taft, banging his big fist on the desk, "he's my President."

A Bad Bargain

IN A CERTAIN county-seat there were two "racket" stores, dealing in notions and novelties, five and ten cent goods, and so forth. The largest and oldest was owned by a shrewd, veteran merchant, while the other, called the Golden Rule Emporium, was conducted by a young man whose general policy was to do others before they did him, as well as after.

The older merchant had certain leaders that he sold at cost all year round, the line being wisely selected with a view to bringing in different classes of people. A two-piece children's suit, for instance, got the trade of half the mothers in that county. The Golden Rule man had been buying those leaders for nearly a year when the older merchant became aware of it.

One morning the latter advertised a sale of oilcloth. During a single hour only a special "family roll" of oilcloth would be sold for ninety-six cents, but not more than two rolls would be sold to any person.

Now oilcloth, as it is known in that locality, comes in twelve-yard rolls, and retails at twenty to twenty-five cents a yard. When the Golden Rule man heard of the special sale he hurried over to the other store every girl who could be spared, with money to buy two rolls. Hiring some boys in addition, he had about a dozen people on hand when the sale began. The veteran not only sold the goods as fast as it was possible to hand them out, but, if anything, seemed to give these pseudo-shoppers preference. In fact, the scheme worked so well that the Golden Rule man, superintending operations from the outside, sent his people in again, and again. Before the hour ended some of them had bought four times.

Then he went back to the store to look over the purchases. There were eighty rolls of the goods, for which he had spent a little more than seventy-five dollars. Retailed at twenty-two cents a yard, that morning's work would net him a profit of about one hundred and thirty-five dollars.

But hold! What made those rolls of oilcloth look so slender?

The Golden Rule man measured one, and found it contained only six yards instead of twelve. He measured another, and another. They were all the same length—six yards only. That was the meaning of "special family roll." The public had got six yards of good oilcloth at a decent saving over the ordinary price, while he, instead of making money that morning, had been working like a horse to buy oilcloth at a nice margin over his own wholesale price!

"That wasn't all the scheme, though," says the veteran. "I wanted to stick Golden Rule so bad that he'd make a noise about it. And he did make a noise. He hollered, and hollered, and explained the whole thing to everybody, just as I reckoned he would. And everybody gave him the laugh, just as I calculated!"

When we get a piece of cloth from the mill man,

we *realize* that it's to his *interest* to have the *least* wool possible make the *most* yards of fabric. But if *we* cut the cloth and sewed it in the suits, without *re-shrinking* it, we'd be wasting *good tailoring* because in a *little* while your *body* would *tug* and *pull* the material out of its *original* lines and *unbalance* the *set* of the garment. So we always *re-shrink* all fabrics in

Sincerity Clothes

canvas, as well as *woolens*—re-shrink them by the London process, which costs us more than any other method and in the end saves us more than the outlay.

A book about young men's clothes (and other men's) free for the asking. It's worth while asking.

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.
CHICAGO

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT IN EACH TOWN and district to [illegible]

a 1909 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making [illegible] last [illegible] and prices offered. [illegible]

NO MONEY REQUIRED [illegible] we ship to anyone, [illegible] TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL during which time you may ride the bicycle [illegible] and test it thoroughly. If [illegible] are then not entirely satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense [illegible] not be out one cent.

FACTORY PRICES We [illegible] the highest grade bicycle [illegible] one small factory profit [illegible] by buying direct of us at [illegible] the middleman's profit [illegible] DO NOT BUY [illegible] and learn all about our [illegible] Rider Agents.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED [illegible] We sell the highest grade bicycles for less [illegible] BICYCLE DEALERS, [illegible]

SECOND HAND BICYCLES We [illegible] a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we offer at prices ranging from $3 to $6 or $10. Descriptive [illegible]

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts and sundries of all kinds at half usual prices. DO NOT WAIT, but write today and we will send you free, prepaid, our large catalogue, [illegible] proposition on the first sample bicycle going to your town. It will [illegible] everything. Write it now

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. S-55 CHICAGO, ILL.

FIX YOUR ROOF

5c Per Square.—We will guarantee to put any old leaky, worn-out, rusty, tin, iron, steel, paper, felt, gravel or shingle roof in perfect condition, and keep it in perfect condition for 5c per square per year.

Roof-Fix The Perfect Roof Preserver makes old, worn-out roofs new [illegible] ted or money refunded [illegible] free roofing book tells all about it Write for [illegible]

The Anderson Manufacturing Co., Dept. 68 Elyria, Ohio

33⅓% Profit for You

That is what you make by using our famous $1 set [illegible] Strop. We give a $3.00 [illegible] Steel [illegible] free with each strop. Every strop [illegible] guaranteed, [illegible] exchanged if not right. [illegible] of our [illegible] you free the [illegible] Write [illegible]

E B Home Mfg. Co., Philadelphia

You Can Make Any Gasoline Efficient

By straining it through the *No Shammy* Funnel. Absolutely Guaranteed to remove ALL WATER and DIRT from Gasoline. PREVENTS ALL CARBURETOR TROUBLES in Automobiles, Motor Boats, Motorcycles and Stationary Engines. 90% of Motor Engine Troubles are caused by Water and Dirt in the Carburetor. Get a NO SHAMMY at Auto Supply and Hardware Dealers $2.00. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will ship direct, prepaid. Write for Free Catalog.

AUSTRO-AMERICAN SEPARATOR CO.
Easily Carried in the Car. 5712 Hough Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

Gillette Safety Razor

New Pocket Edition

HERE is news indeed—for the two million men who shave themselves every morning with the Gillette Safety Razor.

Our first announcement of the latest GILLETTE achievement—*the New Pocket Edition*—the GILLETTE Safety Razor in such compact form that it can be carried like a card case in the waistcoat pocket, or slipped into the side of a traveling bag.

Same size blade as before, same principle; but neater, more workmanlike, the most perfect shaving implement in the world—as compact and as beautifully finished as a piece of jewelry—*and the blades are fine.*

If you are a GILLETTE user call on some progressive dealer at once and examine this new razor.

If you have never used the GILLETTE now is the time to get acquainted.

You can shave yourself in from two to five minutes with the GILLETTE—a clean, satisfying shave. *No stropping, no honing.*

The pocket-case is of gold, silver or gun metal. Plain polished or richly engraved in floral and Empire designs. Inside the pocket-case are *handle* and *blade box*—triple silver-plated or 14K. gold-plated. Prices, $5 to $7.50, on sale everywhere.

You should know GILLETTE Shaving Brush—a new brush of GILLETTE quality—bristles gripped in hard rubber; and GILLETTE Shaving Stick—a shaving soap worthy of the GILLETTE Safety Razor.

GILLETTE SALES CO.

506 Kimball Building, Boston

Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

New York, Times Bldg.
Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.
London Office
17 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.

Canadian Office
63 St. Alexander St.
Montreal

Gillette Safety Razor

Will you accept $5.00 a day for your services?

Whatever your present employment may be—man or woman—this offer is open to you.

You can establish yourself in a **pleasant, profitable, and permanent** business that will pay you a lucrative income from the start—and will pay you as much more as you care to make

You can learn this business in less than a week—and make good money while you are learning it. You will have practically no competition.

You Take no Risk Whatever

You will invest no money in this business until you are absolutely sure you can earn the money at it. You therefore run no risk of losing money. You are paid well for all you do

You know the principle of the vacuum cleaner. It picks up dirt and dust from floors, carpets, rugs, furniture, walls, woodwork, etc., and takes all the dirt and dust out of the house—quickly, easily, economically.

It makes housecleaning the work of hours instead of the work of days—and it does the work **ten times as thoroughly** as any other method.

How the Business Increases

Every housewife who has a rug, a room or a house cleaned by this process, is so thoroughly satisfied that she will own a Duntley Cleaner for her own use—which you will rent at a **handsome profit**

She tells her friends about you. You get their orders. They tell their friends—and you get more orders, both for cleaning and for machines.

You get the work month after month, season after season, year after year, and you keep right on selling Duntley Cleaners to old and new customers. The more customers you get—the more they get for you.

Duntley Standard Vacuum Cleaners

embody **every principle** and **every improvement** known in the vacuum cleaner business and combine all these advantages in a **portable machine**, weighing about 50 pounds, that can be easily carried from room to room, or house to house.

You can take one of these machines into a residence and remove **every particle** of dust and dirt, from **every room**, without taking up carpets or rugs—without removing furniture—without taking down curtains or portières—and do it in **one-tenth time** it could be done otherwise.

What This Invention Means

Before the invention of the Duntley Portable Standard Vacuum Cleaner, this work could only be done with a big, cumbersome, costly wagon apparatus—yet these wagon outfits earned for their owners **immense profits**.

The Duntley Portable Standard Vacuum Cleaner does the same work that the big wagon outfits do, and costs only a fraction as much originally and much less to operate. It will, therefore, pay you **far larger profits**.

My Pay From Profit Plan

I want one good, earnest, honest, active man or woman in every [illegible] **no matter how small** where residences are lighted by electricity, to engage in the Duntley Vacuum Cleaner business on the Pay from Profit Plan.

I will **establish** you in business, **show** you how to do it, **help** you do it—enable you to make good money while you are learning it—and assure you a good [illegible]

Or, instead of you buying a Duntley Standard Vacuum Cleaner for use in **your own home**, I will prove its **value**, its economy and its **necessity** to you—and give you an opportunity to use it, **at my expense**.

Let me Prove These Truths

I do **not** ask you to invest one dollar. All I ask is that you fill out the **coupon below**, and let me **prove to you** the truth of every statement here made

This offer is made to you—**now**—**today**. It is your great opportunity to start in a **new** business—in a **coming** business—in a **profitable** [illegible] business of your own, that will grow **bigger each year**. Mail the coupon **right now**

J. W. Duntley, Pres., Duntley Mfg. Co., Chicago

Fill out and mail this coupon today.

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 460 Plymouth Bldg., Chicago.

Dear Sir: Tell me how I can earn $5.00 or more a day with a Duntley Cleaner, on your "Pay from Profit Plan."

Name .....

Street and No. .....

Town ..... *State* .....

Occupation .....

Will you engage in business yourself? .....

Or, are you interested for use in your home? .....

THE BOOT

(Continued from Page 14)

"What's the use?" said my father. "You'll only spoil your clothes. And, besides, the boat's old and rotten. She's not worth two dollars for kindling wood. I rather hope she does blow away, so as to provide me with a much-needed excuse to buy a better one. The oars, I see, are in her. Never mind, they're too heavy. I never liked them."

Then he put his arm around Ellen.

"By the way, Teenchy," said he, "your old boot is still sticking out of the oak tree."

"Oh, papa," cried Ellen, "you said we mustn't talk about it—or it would be full of spiders."

"I said *you* mustn't talk about it," said he. "So don't. Anyhow"—and he included Mary in his playful smile—"it's still there—so make the most of *that*."

He turned to go into the house, and then: "Oh, by the way, Mary," said he, "you have not asked for your wages recently, and I think you are owed for three months. If you will come to the study in a little while I will give them to you." He was always somewhat quizzical. "Would you rather have cash or a check?"

Personally I don't know the difference, and, at the time, I admired Mary exceedingly for being able to make a choice. She chose cash.

But till some years later I thought she must have repented this decision, for not long after she went into a kind of mild hysterics, and cried a good deal, and said something about "such kindness—this—side Heaven." And was heard to make certain comparisons between the thoughtfulness and pitifulness of a certain commuter and the Christ.

But these recollections are a little vague in my head as to actual number of tears shed, cries uttered and words spoken. But I do know for an incontestable fact that during the night, just as my father had prophesied, our rowboat was blown loose by the northeast gale, and has not been seen from that day to this. And I know that when I woke up in the morning and called to Mary she was not in her bed, and I found in mine, under the pillow, a ridiculous old-fashioned brooch, that I had ever loved to play with, and that had been Mary's mother's.

My father was very angry about Mary's going.

"Good Lord!" he said; "we can't pretend to conceal it!" But then he looked out over Pelham Bay, and it had swollen and waxed wrathful during the night, and was as a small ocean—with great waves and billows that came roaring over docks and sea-walls. And then his temper abated and he said: "Of course she would—any woman would—sense or no sense."

And, indeed, the more I know of women, which is to say, and I thank God for it, the less I know of them, the convinceder am I that my father was right.

In other words, if a woman's man has nine chances in ten of drowning by himself she will go with him so as to make it ten chances, and a certainty of her being there whatever happens. And so, naturally, man cannot tolerate the thought of woman getting the right, based on intelligence, to vote.

IV

TWENTY-FIVE years later I paid Mary and Braddish a pleasant Saturday-to-Monday visit in what foreign country it is not necessary to state. The tiny Skinnertown house of their earlier ambition, with its little yard, had now been succeeded by a great, roomy, rambling habitation, surrounded by thousands of acres sprinkled with flocks of fat, grazing sheep. It was a grand, rolling upland of a country that they had fled to; cool, summer weather all the year round, and no mosquitoes. Hospitable smoke curled from a dozen chimneys; shepherds galloped up on wiry horses and away again; scarlet passion vines poured over roofs and verandas like cataracts of glory; and there was incessant laughter and chatter of children at play.

Of their final flight from the Boole Dogges farm in my father's boat, across the bay to Long Island in the teeth of the northeaster, I now first heard the details; and of their subsequent hiding among swamps and woods; and how, when it had seemed that they must be captured and Braddish go to jail forever and ever, Mary thought that she could face the separation more

Cook's Linoleum

ASK the salesman to show you **Cook's Linoleum.** Until you see COOK'S, you will not realize how much linoleum has been improved—how excellent and beautiful, and desirable it is for your floors. *Insist* on seeing Cook's Linoleum. Identify it by the name COOK'S.

"COOK'S" is the quality-mark for linoleum, just as 18k. for gold or STERLING for silver. It is the maker's warranty of his product and is a safeguard for both dealer and user.

Cook's Inlaid Linoleum is a new kind of linoleum with the pattern through to the back. *Molded* in one piece: no separate color blocks. Seamless, smooth and resilient. No place for dirt or germs to lodge. The longest-wearing **floor**-covering made.

Cook's Printed Linoleum has toughness and pliableness without the flinty hardness of surface common to other printed linoleums. Cook's does not chip off, crack nor soon lose its brightness as with others.

Write for Color Book M reproducing the latest patterns—both printed and inlaid; also containing suggestions helpful in making your selections for various rooms.

Cook's Cork Carpet makes a quiet and durable floor for public places—churches, schools, lodge rooms, etc.

Cook's Decora for your walls. The newest, most artistic and most sanitary wall covering. Cleanable and waterproof. Comes in rolls and is hung like wall paper. Won't scar, crack nor fade. Lasts a lifetime. When soiled or dusty, wipe it with a damp cloth and it will be as fresh and bright as new. Many beautiful patterns—tapestry, burlap and tile effects, floral designs, etc. Book HOME DECORATION sent on request.

If your dealer hasn't Cook's send us his name. We will see that you are supplied.

COOK'S LINOLEUM, Trenton, New Jersey

$10.00 Buys This
All Wool Blue Serge Suit

We will send it to you without your risking one penny.

Read This: We positively guarantee it will be satisfactory in every particular, fit, quality, value—also that it is not equal to any $15 suit you have ever seen—or return it at our expense and we will refund your money, but also every cent you may have paid for transportation charges. Order one of these latest New York style all wool navy blue serge suits. Dress as the New Yorker dresses—he's the best dressed man in the world. Read the detailed description carefully. Send in your order to-day.

Don't pay Retail prices when you can buy a suit like this for $10.00

Catalogue Sent Free to any Address Upon Application

This illustration shows our All Wool Single Breasted Navy Blue Serge Suit. The material is the latest 1909 style with broad shoulders, short close fitting neck to button through, and all seams piped. Made from pure all wool navy blue Oswego brand serge, the best known serge for wear and

COAT lined with

PANTS

VEST

ABOUT SIZES. Give chest measure, length of inseam of trousers, height and weight. We guarantee to fit you perfectly.

About Samples You are perfectly safe in ordering your suit direct from this advertisement but if you desire to see a sample of the cloth write us immediately and we will send you a sample and other samples together with our catalogue FREE anywhere upon application. The number of this suit is **No. 7 S 100.** Give number when ordering—$10.00.

Write for our FREE Catalogue

BELLAS HESS & CO.
BROADWAY PRINCE & CROSBY STS.
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

Write to-day for our FREE Catalogue

Write for a Free Sample of

LEHN & FINK'S
Riveris Talcum

Cut out this advertisement, write your name and address on the margin and mail to us. We will send you free a generous sample of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum Powder that will be a revelation to you of how fine, "fluffy" and delicately perfumed a talcum powder may be made. Large glass jars as shown above are sold by all druggists at 25c

LEHN & FINK, 125 William St., New York

A few hundred dollars will start you in business

Just now I know of a few splendid openings for retail stores—and I know something about a line that will pay big profits on a comparatively small investment. Write me today for full particulars.
EDWARD B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

PATENT SENSE

and PATENTS THAT PROTECT and PAY. Write us for PROOF of our claims—your profits. Write us for PROOF of our claims—your profits. Inventors sometimes lose by delaying. Our clients don't. Write us for our booklet, "How to get your patent and your money." R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 35, Washington, D. C.
Established 1869.

cheerfully if she was his wife. And so one rainy night they knocked upon the door of a clergyman, and told him their story. They were starving, it seems, and it was necessary to look about for mercy. And, as luck would have it, the clergyman, an old man, had officiated at the wedding of Mary's parents; and he had had some trouble in his day with the law about a boundary fence, and was down on the law. And he fed them and married them, and said that he would square matters with his conscience—if he could. And he kept them in his attic for two days, which was their honeymoon—and then—a night of dogs and lanterns and shouting—he smuggled them off to the swamps again, and presided over their hiding until an opportunity came to get them aboard a tramp ship—and that was all there was to it, except that they had prospered and been happy ever since.

I asked Mary about my father's part in it. But she gave him a clean bill.

"He put two and two together," she said, "and he dropped a hint or two—and he paid me all my back wages in American money, and he made me a handsome present in English gold, but he never talked things over, never mentioned Will's name even."

"It was the toe of my boot," said Will, "sticking out of the tree that made him guess where I was. You see, I'd climbed up in the hollow to hide, and to keep there without moving I had to stick my foot out through a knothole. I was up there all the day they tried to get the bloodhounds after me, with my boot sticking out. And they were beating around that tree for hours, but nobody looked up."

"I've always wondered," said I, "why they didn't send a man up inside the tree."

"I've always thought," said Will, "that nobody liked to propose it for fear he'd be elected to do it himself. But maybe it didn't enter anybody's head. Anyhow, all's well that ends well."

"Mary," I said, "do you remember how my father told Ellen and me to go back in a year and a day, and look in the boot?"

She nodded.

"Well," I said, "we went—hand in hand—and there was still a boot sticking out. And I climbed up, after several failures, and got it. It wasn't full of gold, but it did have two gold pieces in it. One each."

"What a memory your father had," said Mary; "he never forgot anything."

Later I was talking with Will alone, and I asked him why he had run away in the first place.

"Why," he said, "I had no chance with the law. The only outsiders who saw the shooting were friends of Hagan's; there was bad blood between us. They'd sworn to do for me. And they would. I shot Hagan with his own gun. He pulled it on me, and I turned it into him, by the greatest piece of quickness and good luck that ever I had. And somehow—somehow—I couldn't see myself swinging for that, or going to prison for life. And I saw my chance and took it. I told the whole thing to the minister that married us; he believed me, and so would any one that knew me then—except Hagan's friends, and whatever they believed they'd have sworn the opposite. Do you think your father thought I was a bloody murderer? Look here," he said, "I don't know just how to put it—it was twenty-five years ago, all that—Mary'll tell you, if you ask her, that she's been absolutely happy every minute of all that time—even when we were hiding in swamps and starving. Now that side of it wouldn't have entered the law's head, would it?" He smiled very peacefully. "Out here, of course," he said, "it's very different. Almost everybody here has gotten away from something or other. And mostly we've done well, and are happy and self-respecting. It's a big world," he looked out affectionately over his rolling, upland acres, "and a funny world. Did Mary tell you that I've just been reëlected sheriff?"

A New Pair Free If Kayser Silk Gloves Are Not Right

Every pair of Kayser gloves—long or short—contains our guarantee. And every dealer fulfills it.

That is because we make our own fabric—from the very cocoon. Our silk is not chemically weighted.

It is because every glove goes through fifty operations to attain utter perfection before it goes out.

And because of our patent tips.

We know that a Kayser glove must prove satisfactory. So we willingly take the risk.

Your Favorite Gloves

The Kayser have always been your favorite gloves. For more than 25 years, nearly all women have worn them.

All women want this fit and finish—this patent tip—this fabric which wears like iron.

But this year there are other silk gloves in some stores—brought in by the long glove craze.

They have not behind them the Kayser skill and experience. They are not like the Kayser creations.

So these are times to be careful. To get your favorite gloves this year, look for "Kayser" in the hem.

"The Kayser"

Patent Finger-Tipped Silk Gloves
A Guarantee in Every Pair

Please insist on the gloves you want.

It was Kayser, as you know, who made silk gloves desirable. The old-time silk gloves were abominable.

The Kayser fit and finish made them stylish. The Kayser tips and fabric made them economical.

All your delight in these light, comfortable gloves has been due to our skill and invention.

Now we don't want you to get gloves half as good, then think that silk gloves have deteriorated.

Cost Not a Penny More

You don't save a penny by getting a poor glove, for none undersell the Kaysers.

We make millions of pairs, and our profit on each is a trifle. The poorest gloves can't compete.

You can get the Kaysers—the perfect gloves—for just as little as gloves that last half as long.

All that is necessary is to be watchful. Accept nothing inferior. Every genuine Kayser has "Kayser" in the hem.

Look for the Name in the Hem

Short Silk Gloves, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25
Long Silk Gloves, 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50

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NEW YORK

Also makers of Italian Silk Underwear—the most luxurious lingerie in the world, yet the most economical. It outwears cotton ten to one, as thousands of women know. Made in every undergarment that a woman wears. Send for booklet, "What Every Woman Knows."

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(Patented Dec. 22, 08. Other Patents Pending

This Chest Free

With Your First Order for Cigars

Order from us one box of any of the following *well known brands* of cigars and we will include the chest free. The prices here quoted are the regular box prices:

50 Carolina Perfectos	$10.50
50 Romeo and Juliet Perfectos	10.50
50 Bock Panetelas	6.75
50 El Principe de Gales Puritanos Finos	5.50
50 Garcia Puritanos Finos	6.50
50 Henry Clay Puritanos Finos	7.00
50 Sargent Perfectos	3.50
50 " Panetelas	3.50
50 " Panetelas (Porto Rico)	3.50

A CIGAR is not fit to smoke unless kept properly moist and cool. Pads and sponges ruin cigars. If you've tried them, you know.

Our success is due to the quality of Sargent Cigars and to the fact that Sargent Patent Cigar Chests keep cigars in prime condition down to the very last smoke. We want your cigar trade. With your first order we will give you this Chest.

Description of Our Chest

Exterior of oak, mission finish. Interior glass lined; walls one inch thick, heavily insulated. Has piano hinge and lock. Size 12"x8"x7", holds 100 cigars. Keeps them cool and moist.

Proposition: Choose the cigar you prefer from the list given here. Then send us the price named and we will ship you the 50 cigars with the above Sargent Patent Cigar Chest included. If you order 100 cigars of any brand or 50 each of any two brands, we will prepay express east of Mississippi river. West of Mississippi river add $1.50 to price.

If you prefer mahogany finish add $1.50; for Circassian walnut $3.00.

GUARANTEE: If our goods don't suit you, send them back at our expense and we will return your money.

REFERENCES: If you want to know who we are, ask the City National Bank, Bridgeport National Bank, Pequonnock National Bank.

SARGENT CIGAR CO.
636 Water St., Bridgeport, Conn.

Ralston

Shoe Styles

are varied to meet the demands of changing shoe fashions and the needs of the individual wearer.

No man or woman need go further than a Ralston dealer to get shoes for business, dress or walking, with the assurance that they will be up to the minute in style, becomingness and *fit*.

All Ralstons fit like a footprint because they are moulded over the exclusive Ralston anatomical last. Need no "breaking-in." They have the wearing qualities which only the best leathers and most careful workmanship can give. UNION MADE

The shoe pictured here is our

Stock No. 108 **$4**

Sterling Patent Colt Blucher Oxford, Jingo Last

A style that is always dressy and in good form in office, parlor or street. For same style in dull black gun metal, ask for No. 122; same in Tan Russia, No. 123.

Send for Our Spring Style Book—Free

Shows the proper foot dress for men and women for all occasions. Explains why Ralstons wear so well and keep their shape indefinitely.

On request we will send name of nearest agent or will mail shoes direct at $4.00, plus 25 cents for carriage; fit guaranteed or money refunded.

Ralston Health Shoemakers, 985 Main St., (Campello) Brockton, Mass.

Style, Neatness Comfort
The Improved

BOSTON GARTER

The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there

The Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

Worn All Over the World

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

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Insist on Having the Genuine
Refuse All Substitutes

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Dept. S.E., Grand Rapids, Mich., U.S.A.

Housecleaning this Spring is Different

THE OLD WAY

Get One for Your Spring Cleaning before too late.

The
Ideal Vacuum Cleaner
It Eats Up the Dirt

THE NEW WAY

You Don't Have to Pound the Dust Out

The terrors of the old primitive way of housecleaning—of ripping up and tearing down, of carrying to and fro and out and in, of endless confusion and toil and drudgery—all are now abolished.

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Right where they are the **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** will lift out of them by its suction force, every particle of dirt and dust and every germ, moth and egg of vermin. It will renovate everything in your home. It will make everything clean wholesome, sanitary and sweet—outside and in and through and through.

Everybody Can Afford It Complete, equipped for hand operation the **IDEAL** Vacuum Cleaner **COSTS ONLY $25** Equipped with electric motor for direct current $55, for alternating current $60. The motor is of the best standard type. It uses only about two cents worth of current per hour. All you need do is to attach it to your electric light fixture. So inexpensive is the saving effected by the **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** in time, labor, health and actual money that its small price is quickly returned many times over.

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THE OLD WAY

The hand machine puts no strain on the strength—your 8 year old boy might well work the machine too easily compared with sweeping and dusting. The electric motor is not a necessity but a luxury.

CHANGE IN PRICE After June first next the price of each motor equipped cleaner will be increased $5.00

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THE NEW WAY

The AMERICAN VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York

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It's so cool and delicious—without a bite or a regret. Absolutely pure, natural flavor. A trial is all we ask

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Special Offer *If your dealer can't supply you,* send his name and 50 cts. for a 40c can of Spilman Mixture, and a 25c tobacco pouch prepaid. Money back if not satisfied. 1½ oz., 40c 3½ oz. 75c. ½ lb., $1.50. 1 lb., $3.00 prepaid. Interesting booklet *"How to Smoke a Pipe"* free.

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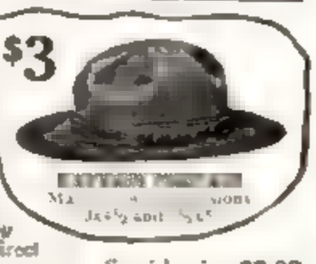

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Low priced 3-in-1 Mop, turn crank 1 way, hands keep clean. Women all buy. 150% profit to Agents. Cost 40c dozen lots; retail at $1 each; exclusive territory given; send for free catalog

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We select the choicest spots and have them under our exclusive control year in and year out.

We select the choicest seed and our care is unceasing during growth, harvest and packing.

It is because of this particular oversight that the results we obtain have so far surpassed all others. One reason that

PARIS SUGAR CORN

is so good and so different from all other so called sweet corn, is the absolute perfection of our method of packing.

You get it just as tender, sweet and creamy as it comes from the garden.

We should like to send you free our book, "Five Foods Ready to Serve." It tells about other New England products for the table, which we make. Write for it today.

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THE McGREGOR ROSE

(Continued from Page 5)

Detective Stapleton threw himself back in his chair, and paused to let this sink in.

"Get my idea?" he said. "See?"

Rosalie jumped to her feet with that surpassing lightness of hers, crossed to the window, and looked out on the street for a moment. Then she wheeled.

"It's my job to git it out of him, huh? That's what you want of me?"

Stapleton nodded

"Two hundred dollars and expenses," he said. "A hundred down."

"It's one thing to skin your rabbit," said Rosalie, "an' it's another to catch it. How you goin' to lead him to me, if I do take your job?"

"That's as good as fixed," said Stapleton. "That's what I thought out when I waited We'll—I'll lead him to you all right. You're going to be Mrs. Fife!"

Stapleton wheeled his chair about and faced her, as though expecting tribute for his powers of invention. He got none. Rosalie's eyes widened and she spoke almost in awe:

"Mrs. Fife—the Society for Psychical Research medium?"

"Sure!" said Stapleton. "The one they keep locked up so that nobody but them can get at her. That will fetch him—when I fix my plant."

Rosalie's expression was that of a nun who hears sacrilege.

"But she's real!" she whispered. Stapleton laughed.

"Cross your fingers when you give me that talk," he said. "I'm on the inside of the spook business. She's a star faker—that's all."

The sloping shoulder turned toward him raised and lowered itself twice before Rosalie, still gazing out of the window, spoke again in her normal, cheerful voice.

"Come back tomorrow with your hundred dollars—when do you want that I should start?"

After Detective Stapleton had gone, Rosalie continued to look out of the window. At length she began talking to herself in the tone and language which she used when she addressed her controls. It was a trick she had, a relic of the days when she, too, was "real" like Mrs. Fife.

"I'm an old fool to do it," she said, "but I always was a softy when it come to reunitin' lovin' young hearts."

IV

JONAS, the neat-stepping waiter and man-of-all-work at the Hamblen, a quiet family hotel on Upper Broadway, always swept and dusted the living-room of suite D before Mr. Alfred Watkins, the occupant, arose. Although he had been there but two weeks, the Hamblen had discovered that Mr. Watkins was a gentleman of regularly late habits. At a quarter to eleven in the morning the office rang him up. When he had bathed and shaved, he found the outer apartment cleared and bright and ready for his breakfast. Jonas served it on the study-table—for Mr. Watkins always took his meals in his own apartments. He himself had proposed this arrangement to the hotel office; and Jonas, being liberally tipped for the service, was in no way reluctant.

It was now a quarter past ten. Stepping noiselessly, so that he might not waken the sleeper within, Jonas raised the curtains, emptied the ash-trays, brushed the hearth and lit the gas fire in the grate. After that he tiptoed over to the portières which divided living-room from bedroom and peeped within. As though satisfied to find Mr. Watkins still asleep, he turned back and began to go through the mahogany writing-desk, compartment after compartment. Not only did he examine the drawers; he picked at the nail-heads; lifting the corners, he drew out the castors one by one and felt in the sockets; he gently tested the joints. While he worked he kept throwing quick, nervous glances at the portières. Finally, as though satisfied and yet dissatisfied he took up his duster and proceeded to the real work of the day. Every morning for a week Jonas had given that same close search to some corner of the room or some piece of furniture. That week followed hard upon a conference which he had held with two perfectly white gentlemen in a saloon of the San Juan Hill region. It

Your day's pleasure depends upon your night's rest. Don't risk it on any but the best of beds.

STEARNS & FOSTER MATTRESS.

Will make you wonder why you clung to that lumpy, unsanitary hair mattress.

Of Springy Cotton Felt

Cotton felt has the springiness that makes a mattress comfortable. Also the cleanliness that makes a mattress safe. Stearns & Foster mattresses are made of pure, fresh, new cotton crossed and recrossed by our wonderful web process into clean, buoyant, elastic sheets, forty to a layer and nine layers to every mattress.

Brings Lasting Comfort

Soft yet firm half yields to your body yet supports it. Gives perfect relaxation and absolute cleanliness. Germ proof, dust proof and needs no renovating except an occasional sun bath. The same to-day and always. Not only the best of cotton felt mattresses but the best of *all* mattresses.

SEND FOR OUR BOOK OF BEDROOM FURNISHINGS

FREE It not only tells all about mattresses, but more than half of it is given to hints and suggestions as to the furnishing of modern bedrooms, by Isabel Gordon Curtis, the noted authority, illustrated with photographs of actual bedrooms as tasteful as they are inexpensive. Your name on a postal brings it with our compliments.

60 NIGHT'S FREE TRIAL is our offer on every Stearns & Foster mattress. Buy of your dealer; enjoy the luxury of this best of all mattresses for two months If at the end of that time you can part with it your money will be returned without a word. If you cannot get a Stearns & Foster send to us and we will see that you are supplied.

CAUTION—The name "Stearns & Foster" is our stamp of quality, and your protection Look for that name and DON'T BUY unless you see it.

STEARNS & FOSTER CO.,

Dept. P, Cincinnati, O.

Four Grades of Superiority

Anchor Grade—Soft and springy, better than most $15 mattresses. Price $10.50

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Style "A"—A mattress de luxe superior to any mattress of any material at any price Price $22.50

Mattresses made in two parts 50c extra

Never buy a mattress unless you can see what it contains. Our laced opening makes seeing easy

Patent Japanese Club Bag

Patent No. 903,808

Light as a Feather, Strong as Good Leather.

People everywhere are talking about this bag. It is made of Japanese fibre matting, well lined, with strength at the points where strength is needed. It is light but durable—15 inch size weighs about 1¾ pounds. In appearance, it is trim and smart, and its lightness pays a tribute to your good sense. Heavy leather baggage is dangerous for women to carry, while straw suit cases and nets are felt to lack smartness. This Japanese Club Bag fills the bill

No. 22—Like the illustration, leather trimmed, two neat brass catches, lock and key, covered handle. Size 18x11x8½. Price $2.75, express prepaid

No. 25—Precisely like No. 22, but in the following size: 15x10x8. Price $2.50, express prepaid.

No. 21—Has no lock; buckle fastenings. Size 18x11x8½. Price $2.25, express prepaid.

No. 20—Like No. 21, but size 15x10x8. Price $1.75, express prepaid.

Here are extracts taken from recent letters.—

"The bag gives entire satisfaction. In fact, it exceeds our anticipations in every way."

"I like it better than any other shopping bag or traveling bag, because it is so neat, roomy and light to carry."

"The Japanese Bag is indeed a treasure. It is so light and convenient. The bag is all, and even more, than we anticipated."

"I am immensely pleased with the bag. Would not be without one for double the price."

"I hope that every woman who buys one will be as pleased with it as I am. I intend sending for another one."

No bag genuine unless stamped with our patent No. 903,808. Responsible dealers are invited to write us for our proposition.

If your dealer does not handle our bags send money order or registered letter to-day to us for one, so that it will be ready when you next want it

If not satisfactory will cheerfully refund money

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In buying a hammock

or hammock-couch look for the name

PATTERSON

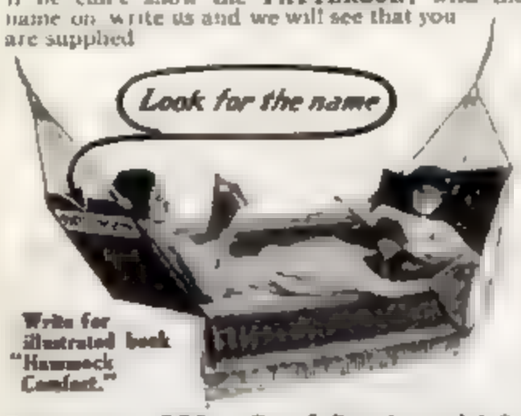
For "Patterson" on a hammock or couch, stands for *quality* and *value*, and is a guaranty of strength, safety, style and lasting satisfaction.

"If it's made by Patterson you take no chances."

Patterson

The Patterson Hammock-Couch can be used with or without a mattress. Has pocket attached. Valance can be tied up to form a back rest or wind shield, making it the *only complete* couch. With both sides tied up you have a cosy nest for baby. There is *safety* in Patterson Hammocks.

Ask the dealer for Patterson Guaranteed Hammocks and Couches. Don't take a substitute. If he can't show the **PATTERSON**, with the name on, write us and we will see that you are supplied



Write for illustrated book "Hammock Comfort."

Patterson Mfg. Co. Indiana Ave. and A St. Dept. A, Philadelphia

Makers of guaranteed hammocks since 1847

seemed that he was doing the work methodically; he had begun with the cabinet in one corner of the room, and, making to the right, had traveled nearly three-quarters of the way round.

The telephone bell rang in the inner apartment; Jonas heard Mr. Watkins rise to answer it. He put away the dust-rag and hurried to the elevator. When he returned, bearing breakfast, Mr. Watkins stood before the fire in his dressing-gown.

Mr. Watkins was past middle age—a stout, florid gentleman with white hair and mustache. Figure and hair, taken separately, made him look sixty at least; his florid face, hardly creased at all, was of the late forties and well preserved at that. His eyes, his forehead and the lines of his nose were fine, even distinguished; but his lower face, smooth and shiny now from the razor, had a pasty heaviness of jowl which age brings to all who live by wit without work. It was a face to trust on sight, and to distrust on acquaintance.

He had given an imperceptible start when Jonas knocked; but he was smiling out of his fine eyes when the servitor and the breakfast entered.

"Lamb chops this morning, I see," he said. "And did you bring the papers?"

"Yes, sir, they're here, sir," said Jonas; but he made no motion to hand them over. He set the study table, Mr. Watkins still toasting his shins and gazing into the fire. Only when Mr. Watkins had seated himself and dipped the spoon into his grapefruit did Jonas lay the two newspapers, front page out, on the reading-rack. Mr. Watkins picked up the first and noted the second. He glanced up.

"I told you," he said, "that I always wanted the Sun and Herald."

"Yes, sir," said Jonas. "But the Sun didn't come this morning, sir. I brought you the Bulletin, sir. It was the only other paper we had left." There is no such paper as the New York Bulletin; the reason for giving that name to a newspaper which lives and draws its graft from the metropolis will presently be apparent.

"Huh!" grunted Mr. Watkins, and spoke no more. He ran through the Herald, Jonas, as he worked, watching him. Presently Mr. Watkins dropped the loose sheets on the floor and picked up the Bulletin. Jonas had been in the act of lifting a silver serving-cover when he caught this movement. He became suddenly a statue of old ivory. The dish-cover stopped, poised in mid-air. His eyes rested on that front page of the Bulletin; and especially on a small item at the bottom of the second column, over which lay a tiny thread—a horsehair. Mr. Watkins ran his eye down the first column, down the second; and he halted on that item. He brushed impatiently at the hair. It stuck, so that at last he flicked it off with his finger. He did not notice—he could hardly have noticed—that the horsehair had been fastened in place by a drop of mucilage so tiny that a pinhead were gigantic beside it.

On this motion, Jonas turned from old ivory to flesh again. He drew a deep, silent breath; he laid down the cover. Mr. Watkins was reading intently; and this was the item:

SPOOK SEANCES FREE

If You Hang Around Hotels the Psychical Researchers May Take You to Mrs. Fipe

The Psychical Research Society is experimenting again with Mrs. Fife, the remarkable medium whose work is the basis for Professor Warren's book: Do We Live Again? Since her return from England, where the British section has kept her practically a prisoner at Liverpool, the noted psychic has been "resting." Only last month did Professor Warren resume his experiments.

The society has adopted a novel method to prove the existence of spooks. In this present series of experiments they are bringing to her only absolute strangers as "sitters"—people whom neither she nor the investigators know. In order to insure this, Professor Warren has been going to the lobbies of the big hotels and accosting perfect strangers with an offer of a free sitting. About one person in three, it is said, falls for this proposition. The others take it as some kind of a bunco game.

Pronounced Click-O

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is admittedly the leading ginger ale on the market. It is thoroughly dependable, always the same, of pure water, ginger, and sugar blended into a most delicious beverage. It appeals to those who want the best and nothing but the best. Non-astringent and does not contain preservative matter.

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"In the good old summer-time." For **fit—wear—comfort.** To be sure of these, insist on

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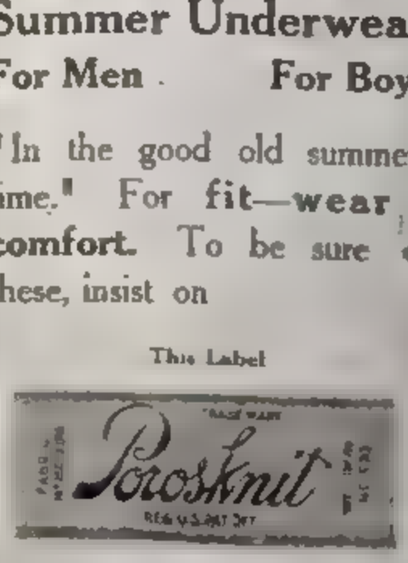

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a refrigerator is to call at the address of our dealer in your city and examine a McCray carefully. You will see that the McCray Walls are the thickest and heaviest refrigerator walls made, built of materials best adapted to keeping the heat out and the cold in. In the McCray the temperature is colder and—

Less Ice Is Used Than in Other Refrigerators

Your choice of sanitary linings: Opal glass, looks like white china—⅝ in. thick) porcelain tile, white enameled wood or odorless white wood. No zinc is ever used as zinc forms dangerous oxides that poison milk and other food. Can be arranged for icing from an outside porch if desired.

McCray Refrigerators

(Keep Things Fresh)

because the air in them is purified by constantly recurring contact with the ice, caused by the "McCray System." This also dries the air so that even matches or salt can be kept perfectly dry in this refrigerator.

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Professor Warren is compiling the data secured in these séances for a sequel to Do We Live Again?

Rosalie Le Grange, established under the name of Mrs. Fife in a suite of the quiet Hotel Magnolia in Stuyvesant Square, followed her usual custom of going through all the newspapers for obituary notices and mortuary news. She, too, saw that item in the Bulletin. At first she pursed her lips; then came a play of dimples, and she smiled.

"Well, I declare!" she said. "So *that's* the steer! I knew the Bulletin was crooked, but it must 'a' cost them somethin' to git it on the front page!"

V

"MADAME LE GRANGE," said Detective Stapleton that same evening, "this is Mr. Hunt—this is Mr. O'Donnell. Both members of the Hennessy Agency. They know all that I know about the McGregor Rose case."

Mr. Hunt bowed stiffly. He was tall, dark, slim, smooth-shaven, and in that stage of the thirties when the temples are growing backward. His lean face was almost handsome, though his expression was cold and sullen. He turned his head as he finished his bow; and Rosalie, searching him for signs and marks, noticed a thing which her eye transmitted to her brain and her brain to her memory. His left ear was small, well-shaped and close-lying to the head; but his right was swollen at the lobe to twice the thickness of the other. It was the "cauliflower ear" of pugilism. Her glance ran down to his right hand. Yes, it was large, and prominent in the knuckles.

Little Mr. O'Donnell acknowledged the introduction with a polished bow, and as he bowed he smiled. His air betrayed full consciousness of the fact that Madame Le Grange was a woman. He was small, red-headed and freckled. His amorphic little nose ran to a point at the end; his mouth, rather shapely in repose, opened disagreeably when he smiled to show a great expanse of gum. Yet there was something attractive about him, too; some overflow of inner magnetism. He was a little, red rat, but a pleasing rat withal.

"These gents are on the case with me," pursued Stapleton. "You see, it looks like we was going to deliver our man to you in a day or so."

"Oh, indeed!" said Rosalie, in her best society manner; and then, coming down to business: "Where's the dope on his life and affections that you promised?"

Stapleton looked at Mr. Hunt and then at Mr. O'Donnell before he answered:

"That's what I brought 'em for. They've been looking *him* up. They've—they've found a lot about his life. I brought 'em here to tell you." Rosalie did not omit to notice that Stapleton talked like one who is feeling his way. Mr. O'Donnell spoke up. His high-pitched voice had that stress on the prefixes which is the trace, in the second generation, of an Irish brogue.

"Just a few things, ma'am, that you'd like to know. Mr. Stapleton said we was to tell you little things."

Rosalie nodded:

"That's what fetches 'em. But I can't make mistakes on the big things. If I'm goin' into this I want to be way on the inside. What name is he goin' under?"

"Watkins. Alfred Watkins," spoke Stapleton.

"Give him Alfred Johnson," said O'Donnell. "That'll fetch him!"

"That was the name he was born under, I s'pose?" said Rosalie.

Mr. Hunt and Mr. O'Donnell nodded together.

"Raised in Peru, Indiana," said O'Donnell. "On a farm. Give him the farm. He likes that."

Rosalie threw back a sleeve of her pink negligee, displaying a hand and arm which concentrated the attention of the room for a minute, and reached for a lead-pencil and an old envelope.

"Spirits?" she asked in a businesslike manner.

"His father's name was John, wasn't it?" asked O'Donnell of Hunt. On that, Detective Stapleton, seated behind Rosalie Le Grange, narrowed his eyes at O'Donnell and gave a quick, half-shake of his head. "Least that's the way it reads on his conviction papers," added O'Donnell quickly.

Piece by piece, Mr. O'Donnell doing most of the talking, Mr. Hunt throwing in

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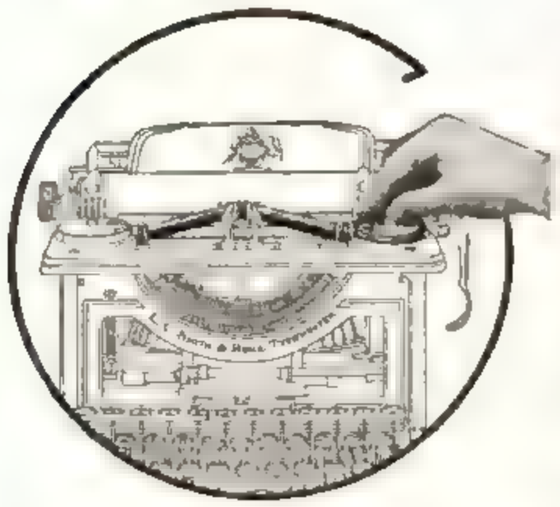

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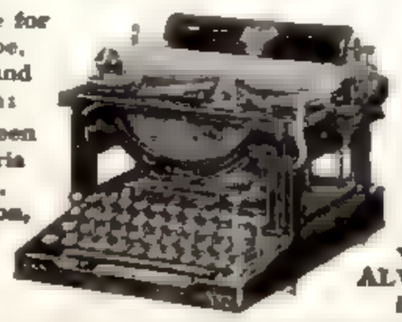

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a word now and then, Rosalie filled the back of the discarded envelope with details about Mr. Alfred Watkins, alias Johnson, his life and his friends in the other world. They became sure that his father's name was John.

He had been known to display a portrait of his mother. "Marian" was the name written on the back. Brothers and sisters had he none, so far as Messrs. O'Donnell and Hunt could tell, but he had been married to Elsie Snider, who divorced him in Chicago, and died.

"He did two years in Joliet," said O'Donnell, "but I don't know if you want to tell him that. It will scare him off."

At that the tall, saturnine Hunt squirmed in his chair.

"Give him that!" he said. "Give him Joliet! Joliet will sting him."

"My, how these detectives do hate the victims they're sleuthin' down!" exclaimed Rosalie Le Grange. A display of teeth, dimples and flashing gray eyes drew any sting there might have been in this remark. And turning her glance without moving her head, she intercepted the look of caution which Detective Stapleton shot at Hunt.

"But it's only a natural feelin'," added Rosalie reassuringly. "The police always gits that way. Now, can't you gentlemen give me some little thing that Mr. Watkins has done? Those are the convincin' things. Of course, I don't want to touch on the job—though I'd like to know whether he done it alone, or whether he had pals an' confederates."

A thick silence settled over the room; the smile, for just a second, went out of O'Donnell. Stapleton was first to get his voice.

"We can't find that out," he said. Then his voice burst in an explosion.

"What is it to you, anyhow?" he asked. "What is it *to* you? You don't want to scare him off by talking about the robbery, do you?"

"Oh, certainly not!" said Rosalie Le Grange, with an appearance of shocked apology, and again her dimples drew the sting. "Of course, you gentlemen understand that, since I've taken this job, I ain't goin' to leave no stone unturned to do it right. He might make some reference to the robbery, an' it won't do for me to be in the dark." She shifted the tack. "Has he got any keepsake of Elsie Snider now? It's little things I'm after."

O'Donnell considered for a moment. Then his face lit up.

"I'll tell you! Give him a scar on his left shoulder. She knifed him when she left him. She was a regular vixen, she was. A trapeze performer. He married her when he was rigging the shells for the Foreman circus."

"Splendid!" said Rosalie, making rapid notes. "Fine! Did she marry again before she died?"

"No—not as I ever heard."

"Fine. An' I guess"—she studied her notes carefully—"that'll do. Now, git him along as soon as you can—I won't leave this suite until you do."

At the door Hunt sent one long, backward look at Rosalie. It brought that thickened ear into full view again.

"My, with that ear an' that temper, there must 'a' been somethin' doin' when he was in the ring," thought Rosalie.

When they were clear of the hotel, Hunt turned suddenly on Stapleton.

"She's too wise," he said.

"Well, what of that?" asked Stapleton hotly. "She ain't going to kick two hundred dollars in the face, is she?"

"And she'll do the job," said O'Donnell. "She ain't no fool. A fool couldn't do it. Pippin, for an old girl, ain't she?"

But Hunt made a growl in his throat, as of a man convinced against his will.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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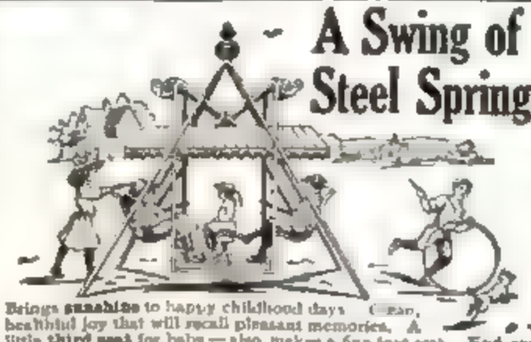

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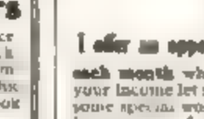

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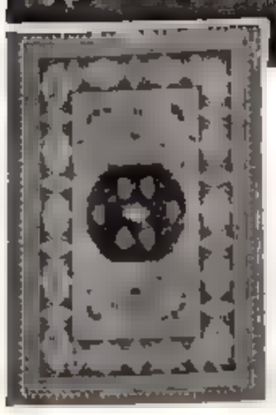

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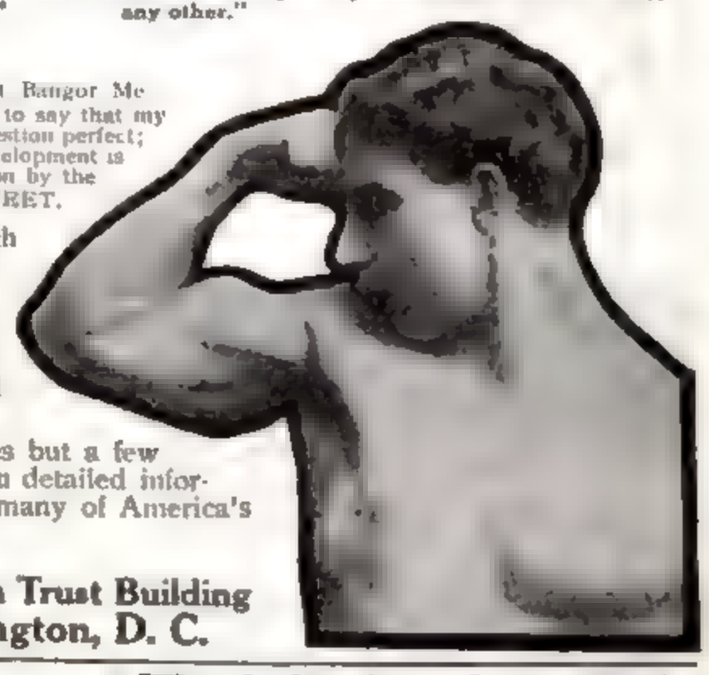

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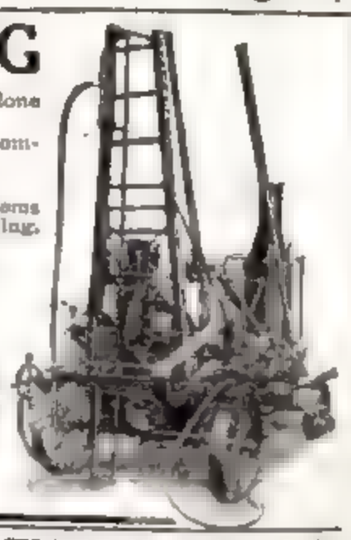

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TOLEDO COOKER CO Box 39, Toledo, O.

THE WHITE MICE

(Continued from Page 17)

"It is madness!" cried Vicenti. "The turnkey is in the corridor, and at any moment they may come to assassinate Rojas."

"Then I've no time to waste," exclaimed Roddy. "Get the Señorita and yourself out of the tunnel, and get out quick!"

"But you?" pleaded Vicenti. "You can do nothing."

"If I must," answered Roddy, "I can blow the whole damned fort to pieces!"

He ran to the spot where McKildrick had placed the extra explosives. With these and the hand-drill, the sledge, and carrying his hat filled with clay, he again climbed through the breach into the cell The fierceness of the attack upon the fort had redoubled, and to repulse it the entire strength of the garrison had been summoned to the ramparts, leaving, so far as Roddy could see through the bars, the corridor unguarded. The door of the cell hung on three trunnions, and around the lowest hinge the weight of the iron door had loosened the lead and cement in which, many years before, it had been imbedded. With his drill, Roddy increased the opening to one large enough to receive the fingers of his hands and into it welded a stick of dynamite. To this he affixed a cap and fuse and, clapping on his tamp of clay, lit the fuse and ran into the tunnel. He had cut the fuse to half length, and he had not long to wait. With a roar that shook the cell and echoed down the corridor, that portion of the wall on which the bars hung was torn apart, and the cell door, like a giant gridiron, fell sprawling across the corridor. Roddy could not restrain a lonely cheer. So long as the battle drowned out the noise of the explosions and called from that part of the prison all those who might oppose him, the rescue of Rojas again seemed feasible. With another charge of dynamite the last cell in the corridor could be blown open, and Rojas would be free. But Roddy was no longer allowed, undisturbed, to blast his way to success. Almost before the iron door had struck the floor of the corridor there leaped into the opening the burly figure of the turnkey. In one hand he held a revolver, in the other a lantern. Lifting the lantern above his head he stood, balancing himself upon the fallen grating. Hanging to his belt Roddy saw a bunch of keys. The sight of the keys went to his head like swift poison. For them he suddenly felt himself capable of murder. The dust hung in a cloud between the two men, and before the turnkey could prepare for the attack Roddy had flung himself on him, and twisting the bones of his wrist had taken the revolver. With one hand on the throat of the turnkey he shoved the revolver up under his chin until the steel sank into the flesh.

"Don't cry out!" whispered Roddy. "Do as I tell you, or I'll blow your head off. Take me to the cell of General Rojas!"

Brave as the man had been the moment before, the kiss of the cold muzzle turned his purpose to ice. The desire to live was all-compelling. Choking, gasping, his eyes rolling appealingly, he nodded assent. With the revolver at his back he ran down the corridor, and as he ran, without further direction, fumbled frantically at his keys At the end of the corridor he separated one from the others, and with a trembling hand unlocked and pushed open a cell door.

The cell was steeped in darkness. Roddy threw the turnkey sprawling into it, and with his free hand closed his fingers over the key in the lock.

"General Rojas!" he called. "Come out! You are free!"

"What do you wish with me?" demanded a voice steadily. "Is this assassination? Are you my executioner?"

"Good God, no!" cried Roddy. "Fifty-four, four! I'm the man that gave you the warning. The tunnel!" he cried. "The tunnel is open." He shoved the butt of the revolver toward the shadow. "Take this!" he commanded; "if I've lied to you, shoot me. But come!"

General Rojas stepped from the cell, and with a cry of relief Roddy swung to the iron door upon the turnkey and locked it. The act seemed to reassure the older man, and as the glare of the lanterns in the corridor fell upon Roddy's face the eyes of the General lit with hope and excitement. With a cry of remorse he held out the revolver.

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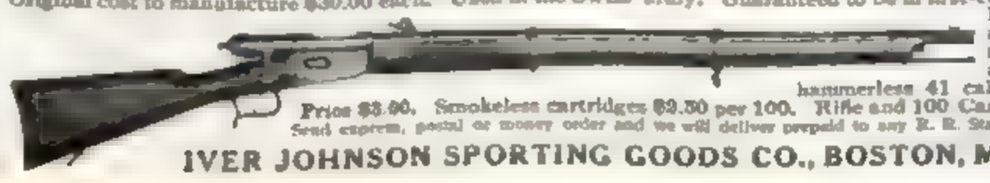

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Alameda in front of it, the gardens, even the long portico, were packed with a mad mob of people. Climbing to the railings and to the steps of the house itself, men prominent in the life of the city called for "*Vivas*" for the new president, for Señora Rojas, for the Rojas revolution. Below them, those who had been wounded in the fight just over were lifted high on the shoulders of the mob, and in it, struggling for a foothold, were many women, their cheeks wet with tears, their rejoicing more frantic even than that of the men.

For a mad quarter of an hour the crowd increased in numbers, the shouting in vehemence; and then, suddenly, there fell a shocked and uneasy silence. Men whispered together fearfully. In the eyes of all were looks of doubt and dismay. From man to man swept the awful rumor that, at San Carlos, Rojas had not been found.

It was whispered that, from the fortress, messengers had brought the evil tidings. The worst had come to pass. At the last moment the defenders of San Carlos had cheated them of their victory. Rojas had been assassinated.

From the mob rose a great, moaning cry, to be instantly drowned in yells of rage and execration. A leader of the Rojas party leaped to the steps of the portico. "Their lives for his!" he shrieked. "Death to his murderers! To the fortress!"

Calling for vengeance, those in the garden surged toward the gates; but an uncertain yell from the mob in the street halted them. They turned and saw upon the balcony above the portico the figure of Señora Rojas. With one arm raised, she commanded silence; with the other, she pointed to the long window through which she had just appeared. Advancing toward the edge of the balcony, the mob saw two young girls, leading between them, erect and soldierly, a little, gray-haired man.

Amazed, almost in terror, as though it looked on one returning from the grave, for an instant there was silence. And then men shrieked and sobbed, and the night was rent with their yell of welcome.

With their backs pressed against the railings of the garden, Peter and McKildrick looked up at the figures on the balcony with eyes that saw but dimly.

"So Roddy got away with it," said Peter. "Pino Vega, please write! *Viva* the White Mice!"

With a voice that shook suspiciously, McKildrick protested.

"Let's get out of this," he said, "or I shall start singing the doxology."

An hour later, alone on the flat roof of Miramar, leaning on the parapet, were two young people. Above them was the blue-black sky and white stars of the tropics; from below rose the happy cheers of the mob and the jubilant strains of a triumphant march.

"Tomorrow," said Roddy, "I am going to ask your father a favor. I am going to ask him for the use for two hours of the cell he last occupied."

"And why?" protested Inez.

"I want it for a friend," said Roddy. "Pedro tells me my friend is the man who sent word to San Carlos to have the White Mice locked up and your father moved into another cell. I want the new Commandant to lock my friend in that cell, and to tell him he is to remain there the rest of his natural life. Two hours later, the White Mice will visit him, and will smile on him through the bars. Then I'll unlock the door, and give him his 'passage-money home and a month's wages.' His name is Caldwell."

"I had no idea you were so vindictive," said Inez.

"It is rather," said Roddy, "a sense of humor. It makes the punishment fit the crime."

He turned, and drawing closer, looked at her wistfully, appealingly.

"Your father," he whispered, "is free."

The girl drew a long breath of happiness.

"Yes," she sighed.

"I repeat," whispered Roddy, "your father is free."

"I don't understand," answered the girl softly.

"Have you forgotten!" cried Roddy. "You forbade me to tell you that I loved you until he was free."

Inez looked up at him, and the light of the stars fell in her eyes.

"What will you tell me?" she whispered.

"I will tell you," said Roddy, "the name of a girl who is going to be kissed in one second."

(THE END)

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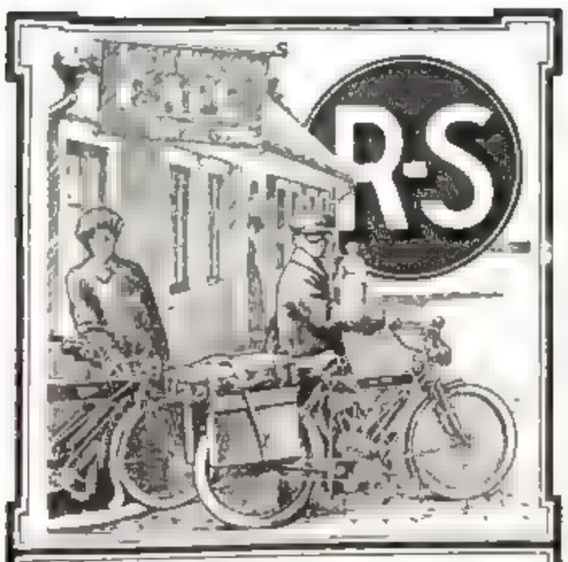

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30 TOURS TO EUROPE $270 UP

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THE LAW'S DELAY

(Continued from Page 7)

injury cases, which figure about ten per cent of the London calendar. In New York City the accident cases on the New York County calendar amount to twenty per cent, and in Kings County to thirty-five per cent of the entire body of litigation.

The most salutary English expedient, quite novel to Americans, is what is known as the Summons for Directions, or Omnibus Summons, by means of which the lawyer of one party can bring the lawyer of the other before a master of the court on a four-days' notice, for the purpose of stating their respective claims and defenses and applying for such relief as will enable them to prepare for trial. In ordinary American jurisdictions every step in the action has to be upon motion and argument and after an order has been entered adjudging that the parties shall do thus and so. For example, if a New York lawyer wants to find out what the items in a bill may be, for the total amount of which his client is being sued, he must serve notice upon the other side that he intends at a certain time and place to move for a bill of particulars. He then files a note of issue and has the motion placed on the Special Term calendar. Upon the date set (if the other side does not succeed in getting the matter adjourned) there will be an argument as to whether or not he should have the information in question. Briefs may be submitted and a week may elapse before any decision is rendered. The judge then signs an order which is usually filed by whichever party it favors. In the same way, if either side wishes to examine the opposing party, to secure the deposition of a witness, to inspect a paper or any like incidental matter, each step has to be taken as if it were a little case all by itself, with pleadings, trial and judgment. The petty motions in the most ordinary sort of a contract case, for example, may be almost numberless and most annoying. Naturally they induce tremendous delay.

Proceedings Before a Master

Now, in England what happens is this. From the moment the first paper in a lawsuit is returnable until the case is actually ready to go to trial the entire matter is in the hands of certain members of the law called masters, who have charge of the proceedings in behalf of the court. The idea seems to be that the preparation of a case should not be left entirely to the attorneys of the parties, but should be under the guidance of the court, for the purpose of seeing that the case is expeditiously and properly whipped into shape for trial, so that, when it is ready, it may be quickly, fairly and accurately disposed of. These masters, of which there are eight in the King's Bench Division and twelve in the Chancery Division, are members of the bar, in high standing, whose position is regarded as one of importance and dignity. If, the plaintiff having commenced suit, the defendant fails to enter an appearance, the plaintiff may go before one of these masters and take judgment. If, on the other hand, the defendant does appear, the plaintiff may take out the Omnibus Summons referred to, returnable in four days, and by submitting his own brief and an affidavit, first, that the money sued for is due and payable, and, second, that the defendant has no defense to the action, can compel an affidavit from his opponent disclosing the nature of his defense. If the master is of the opinion that the affidavit of the latter does not, in fact, state a meritorious cause of defense he at once gives judgment for the plaintiff. If, however, he thinks that there is something in what the defendant says he may pursue one of several courses: (*a*) he may, with the consent of the parties, hear the case himself without any pleadings in his own private chambers; (*b*) he may, with or without their consent, order the case to the Short Cause List to be heard, probably within the next week, by some judge in open court, also without any pleadings; or (*c*) he may pursue the course heretofore referred to of granting the defendant leave to defend upon condition that he deposit the sum in dispute into court. He also, of course, may grant this leave to defendant unconditionally, in which case the action will take its usual course.

What has just been said relates to a plaintiff suing for a certain sum, such as a tradesman for his bill, or for the money due

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on a promissory note, or for rent; and such liquidated demands naturally compose in every country the bulk of litigation. But the activity of the master is not confined to such actions, for in all other actions on contract or in tort the plaintiff is obliged, before doing anything else, to take out such a summons as has been described, upon the return of which the master decides whether or not there shall be any pleadings at all, where and how the cause shall be tried, whether there shall be any bill of particulars furnished, any opportunity given to inspect documents or places, or interrogatories or commissions allowed for the examination of witnesses.

The master may subsequently, if he is of the opinion that such pleadings as he has directed do not sufficiently set forth the claims of the parties, order that these be further extended or elaborated. Thus, he likewise has power to compel each party to make a list of all the papers in his possession which are material upon any question in issue; and to permit the opposite side to inspect and make copies of them; and may order either party to answer on oath before the trial certain questions to be submitted by his opponent, upon penalty, if he is the plaintiff, of having the action stayed until he answers them, or if he is the defendant, of having his defense struck out, should he fail to answer them.

The proceedings before one of these masters are extremely simple. They are conducted in a common-sense sort of way, which at once waves aside all technicality and verbiage. The master sits at his desk and the opposing lawyers discuss their points before him in conversational tones. He usually makes his decision then and there, and in this way may dispose of from twenty to thirty cases in a day, although his rulings may involve summary judgments for thousands of pounds. While an appeal lies from his decision to a judge sitting in chambers it is resorted to infrequently, the master's ruling being usually taken as final.

Mr. Elbridge L. Adams, of the New York Bar, recounts the following incident as occurring before Master Chitty while he was listening to the latter dispose of cases in chambers under the rule.

One of Master Chitty's Cases

"Don't you think," he inquired of defendant's counsel, "that your defense in this action is rather weak?" "Well, Master," was the frank reply, "I must say I've seen stronger ones, but I feel certain when I have been more fully advised by my client I shall be able to present a more cogent defense." "Suppose you go over in the corner there and see if you cannot arrive at a settlement," was the master's suggestion, and in a few moments the counsel came to the desk and announced that they had agreed on a settlement, which was duly noted on the summons.

The institution of the master is the chief factor in doing away with delay in the English courts. No time is wasted with applications or interrogatory motions of any kind, and the way is cleared for trial before the case is even noticed on the calendar.

From what are known as The Civil Judicial Statistics it is easy to see how effective is this procedure in preventing the blocking of a meritorious cause of action by delay. In the year 1905, in proceedings under Order XIV, summary judgments were given by the master in 7973 cases – about eighty per cent of the whole number of applications. During the same year, the total number of judgments for the plaintiff entered in all England was 29,160, amounting to £5,591,411, of which 8000, aggregating £1,761,132, were entered summarily.

Another noticeable feature of an English trial is the fact that there is absolutely no controversy over the jury, a condition unknown in the United States, where the examination of juries on the *voir dire* stretches out sometimes into months. In England there are many lawyers who have been in active practice for over twenty years and who have never known a juror to be objected to or excused for cause. In this country it is a common experience to waste from one to two hours before a jury is secured in a comparatively unimportant case.

In addition to the celerity with which juries are secured, little time is wasted in the English courts through interrupting the testimony of witnesses by objections and arguments over points of evidence. It is assumed that the members of the bar are

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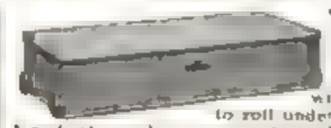

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thoroughly familiar with the rules of procedure and of evidence, and it is considered a breach of professional decorum for counsel to ask questions which are improper. Moreover, much greater control of the whole situation is exercised by the judge in England than in this country, and a large part of the examining is practically done by the court, who interferes as far as possible to prevent pettifogging, long-drawn-out cross-examinations and anything which tends to obscure the issue. The theory of litigation in England is that a lawsuit is not a game for sharp advantages or finesse, but a means of eliciting the truth of the issue and of giving justice to both parties.

Inasmuch as the appeal is the last step in any case, criminal or civil, the writer has reserved the discussion of the delays incident thereto to the end of his article. Generally speaking, there is less criticism in America over the delay incident to getting a case to trial, or of the tedium of the trial itself, than there is outspoken disgust at the seemingly interminable procrastination of judges in writing their opinions, and at the technical grounds upon which judgments are reversed. In the first place, the time for taking an appeal in England is much shorter than in this country. In England an appeal from an order must be taken in fourteen days, and a motion for a new trial which is heard in the Court of Appeals must be made eight days after the trial. The only papers used on this appeal are the judgment or order appealed from, the pleadings, if any, and the judge's notes. There are no printed briefs, and the decision of the court is usually announced at the conclusion of the argument. This naturally discourages appeals not involving clean-cut questions of law. It is a lamentable fact that once an appeal has been heard there is a well-known disposition on the part of our judges to wait an undue length of time in writing their opinions or judgments. "I speak with confidence on this point," said the present President of the United States in an address made before the Bar Association of the State of Virginia last summer, "for I have been one of the sinners myself. In English courts the ordinary practice is for the judge to deliver judgment immediately upon the close of the argument, and this is the practice that ought to be enforced as far as possible in our courts of first instance. It is of almost as much importance that the court in the first instance should decide promptly as that it should decide right.

The System of Appeals

"Many people who give the subject hasty consideration regard the system of appeals by which a suit can be brought in a justice-of-the-peace court and carried through to the Supreme Court as the acme of human wisdom. The question is asked: 'Shall the poor man be denied the opportunity to have his case reëxamined in the highest tribunal in the land?' Generally, that argument has been successful.

"In truth, there is nothing which is so detrimental to the interests of the poor man as the right which, if given to him, must be given to the o her and wealthier party, of carrying the litigation to the court of last resort, which generally means two, three and four years of litigation. Could any greater opportunity be put in the hands of powerful corporations to fight off just claims, to defeat, injure or modify the legal rights of poor litigants, than to hold these litigants off from what is their just due by a lawsuit for such a period, with all the legal expenses incident to such a controversy?

"Every change of procedure that limits the right of appeal works for the benefit, in the end, of the poor litigant and puts him more on an equality with a wealthy opponent. It is probably true that the disposition of the litigation in the end is more likely to be just when three tribunals have passed upon it than when only one or two have settled it; but the injustice which meantime has been done by the delay to the party originally entitled to the judgment generally exceeds the advantage that he has had in ultimately winning the case."

It goes without saying that, so far as possible, hearings on appeal should be limited to questions affecting the merits of the case and not involving the technicalities of procedure. One appeal is about all that any litigant is entitled to, unless the community at large is interested in the matter by virtue of its involving some question

Man or Woman?

WHO is most original, man or woman? Judge for yourself by the interesting lines below. They were written by clever men and women in all parts of the country, some perhaps from your own town or city. The numbered lines describe the merits and benefits of Pompeian Massage Cream (the standard face cream), and were entered in the

$100.00 Prize Contest

first announced in this magazine March 20th. Who have the most original lines, men or women?

However, the following is *more* than an interesting exhibition of American cleverness. Every line contains valuable advice for those who have complexion problems.

AS A WHOLE, the quoted lines below form a remarkable endorsement for Pompeian Massage Cream, because they describe Pompeian's merits and benefits *as discovered by actual users.*

INDIVIDUALLY, these quoted lines suggest *the various uses* of Pompeian Massage Cream in promoting and preserving facial attractiveness. Note offer of trial jar. See coupon.

Pompeian Massage Cream

"Introduces you to your handsomer self"
—L. L. G., Buffalo, N. Y.

(Below are only a few of the several thousand original phrases entered in our contest for best lines (10 words or less) describing Pompeian Massage Cream. Contest closed April 20. These are not necessarily the best lines or the prize-winners, the latter to be announced June 1.)

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1. "Completely clears cloudy complexions"—Mr. J. R. H., Gallatin, Pa.
2. "It soothes, softens, heals, beautifies, cleans CLEAN"—Mr. A. H. J., Lynchburg, Va.
3. "The dirt and blackhead eraser"—Miss R. L., Chicago, Ill.
4. "Is massaged in pink; but massaged out brown"—Mrs. F. G., Jessup, Md.
5. "On again, off again, clean again"—Mr. B. O. G., Corning, N. Y.
6. "Removes all residue left by other creams"—Mr. G. L., Kingston, Ont., Can.
7. "Actually the best cream for cleansing pores I ever used"—Miss D. E. S., Oshkosh, Wis.

For Big Shavers—Pompeian

1. "A Neck-Easer for the Close Shaver"—Mr. F. H. S., New York City.
2. "Makes your face clean and clear on the 'morning after'"—Mr. J. H. M., Nashua, N. H.
3. "A '100 Point Man' massages with Pompeian Cream after shaving"—Mr. W. E. C., Nyack, N. Y.
4. "I'll bet you *$100.00* there's *NONE* superior"—Mr. W. A. S., Cincinnati, O.
5. "Razor-rash chaser"—Mr. A. M., Ottawa, Ont., Can.
6. "Introduces you to your handsomer self"—Mr. L. L. G., Buffalo, N. Y.
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Imparts Clear Skin—Pompeian

1. "Clears the skin like a month in the mountains"—Mr. D. R. F., Philadelphia, Pa.
2. "Gives the skin that fresh after-the-bath look"—Mr. R. P. S., Los Angeles, Cal.
3. "You're not bilious, your skin just needs Pompeian"—Mr. T. B. W., Talladega, Ala.
4. "Makes complexions what they seem"—Mrs. P. L., Newport, N. J.
5. "Pompeian Massage Cream makes muddy skins ruddy"—Mr. J. W. F., Oshkosh, Wis.
6. "Will clear and soften the most muddy and sallow complexion"—Miss D. H., Los Angeles, Cal.
7. "It gives a tone of health and freshness to the face"—Mr. C. A. S., Canton, O.

Refreshes Tired Faces—Pompeian

1. "It smooths the *tired* out of your face"—Mrs. M. D. R., Piqua, O.
2. "Its use means 'farewell' to that tired-out look"—Mr. J. V. R., Newport, Ky.
3. "Are you all tired out? Use Pompeian Massage Cream"—Mrs. C. C. R., Knoxville, Tenn.
4. "Gives you that well-groomed feeling"—Miss E. A., St. Louis, Mo.
5. "Pompeian—That's the reason I look so fine"—Mr. G. T. C., Madison, Wis.
6. "Oh, that soft, smooth, cool feeling"—Mr. T. K., Omaha, Neb.
7. "'Nothing like it for that tired feeling;' more than one woman will understand just what I mean, I am sure"—Miss M. M., Richmond, Va.

Promotes Beauty—Pompeian

1. "Proves cleanliness is the first step to beauty"—Mr. W. H. S. P., Newton, Mass.
2. "The royal road to Beauty"—Miss L. L., Atlanta, Ga.
3. "Causes mamma's beauty, which makes me proud"—Miss E. G., Meridian, Miss.
4. "Makes you a better competitor for the beauty show"—Mr. E. A. M., Cambridge, Mass.
5. "Each jar pays 100 per cent. beauty dividends"—Mr. H. L. K., Allentown, Pa.
6. "Purifies, Beautifies, Invigorates and Captivates"—Mr. G. J. F., Clarksburg, W. Va.
7. "A Beautifier which brings forth latent charms"—Miss A. D., Chicago, Ill.

Preserves Youth—Pompeian

1. "Will chase ten years from *your* face"—Mr. H. L. B., Akron, O.
2. "If you would look young at fifty—use Pompeian at twenty"—Mr. N. E. B., Montreal, Quebec.
3. "Means minus years; plus good looks"—Mr. P. T. L., Schenectady, N. Y.
4. "Pompeian Massage Cream removes the age limit"—Mrs. J. D. N., Moravia, N. Y.
5. "Rub in the Cream, rub out the years"—Mr. H. S. D., New York City.
6. "The Ponce de Leon of all creams"—Miss S. R., Rochester, N. Y.
7. "Clear velvety skin appears despite the years"—Mr. A. S., Chicago, Ill.

Erases Wrinkles—Pompeian

1. "Not a new Wrinkle"—Mr. F. D. M., Peoria, Ill.
2. "Time makes no furrows where Pompeian guards"—Mr. G. E. G., Philadelphia, Pa.
3. "Pompeian Massage Cream 'Chases Crows' Feet'"—Mr. A. S., New York City.
4. "Routs the Wrinkles, cleans completely, gets you glowing"—Mr. J. P., Talladega, Ala. [Ark.
5. "Use Pompeian Cream and the wrinkles of tomorrow never come"—Mr. F. G. F., Mammoth Spring,
6. "Conquers Care's Crows' Feet"—Mr. R. A. F., Philadelphia, Pa.
7. "Gives the old wrinkled skin a fresh and healthy glow"—Miss P. L., Sandusky, Mich.

General Benefits—Pompeian

1. "Doubles your face value"—Mr. A. S. B., New York City.
2. "Nature's Silent Partner"—Mr. H. J. G., Logansport, Ind.
3. "Instantaneous benefit—wonderful transformation of Complexion—Permanent effect—Delightfully surprising"—Mrs. H. L. B., Pittsburgh, Pa. [Boston, Mass.
4. "Wouldst Beauty Have? 'Aye, but there's the rub?' Pompeian Massage Cream"—Mr. H. J. H.,
5. "Father's Joy and Mother's Delight"—Mrs. D. G., St. Louis, Mo.
6. "3,650,000 jars sold every year! Think of it! Pompeian Massage Cream"—Mr. A. K., Brookfield, Mo.
7. "Look at your skin: Are you satisfied with it?"—Mr. C. R. S., Portland, Ore.

Trial Jar

You have been reading and hearing about Pompeian for years. You know it is the most popular face cream made, 10,000 jars being sold daily. You have meant to try it, but have not done so. This is your chance to discover what a vast difference there is between an ordinary "cold" cream and a scientifically made Massage Cream like Pompeian. Fill out the coupon to-day and prepare for a delightful surprise when you receive our quarter ounce trial jar. A 16-page booklet on the care of the face sent with each jar. Send 6 cents in stamps or coin for special trial jar.

AT ALL DEALERS
50c and $1 per jar

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

Cut out along this line, fill in and mail today

Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen:
Enclosed find 6 cents. Please send me one copy of your famous illustrated massage book and a special trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name .....

Address .....

The Brightest Paint

WHEN your painter uses Carter Pure White Lead, mixed with Pure Linseed Oil and the desired colors at time of painting, you are sure of bright, clear and durable tints—true colors—not muddy hues.

Because of its extreme ***whiteness,*** Carter White Lead produces ***brighter*** and more beautiful colors than other white leads.

CARTER
Strictly Pure
White Lead

is the ***whitest*** paint you can buy. It is so dazzlingly white that other pure leads appear grey by comparison. Whiteness means ***purity.***

Whiteness means ***fineness of grain***—that the reduction of the metallic lead is perfect. This fineness makes Carter spread farther, just as a cup of flour spreads farther than a cup of wheat.

Whiteness means ***even quality.*** Every ounce in every keg of Carter is just like every ounce in every other keg. Ask your painter what this means.

By the pound, Carter costs a trifle more than other leads. Figured by yards of surface covered and years of wear, however, it is the most economical paint you can buy. Carter is sold by all reliable dealers—used by ***first-class*** painters.

But send NOW—today—for our Valuable Free Book, which tells how to test any paint for purity; how to choose a harmonious color scheme, and gives many other helpful suggestions. We'll send with the book a set of color plates showing how real buildings look when painted with Carter—just what you have long wanted.

CARTER WHITE LEAD CO.
12080 S. Peoria Street. CHICAGO, ILL.
Factories: Chicago—Omaha

"We will pay $100 and cost of analysis for the detection of any adulteration in this or any other package bearing this brand."

All 3 for $1

Handkerchief
Scarf
Hose
in Matched Colors
The Novelty of the Season

Sets of Men's Scarf, Half-hose and Handkerchief in matched colors. We offer set consisting of Silk reversible four-in-hand Tie (slips easy on tight collar bands), one pair full-fashioned silk lisle half hose and one heavy Japanese Silk Handkerchief, in matched color. Regular $3 retail value, postpaid for $1. Finer quality, warranted pure thread silk half-hose, English square four-in-hand, larger and heavier handkerchief—regular $5 retail value, for $2 a set.

Choice of 27 New Spring Shades

State color desired, size of half-hose, and remit $1 (or $2 for the finer quality) by Express or Postal Money Order, and set will be sent, carriage free, on receipt of remittance. Money promptly refunded if goods are not entirely satisfactory. Selling agents wanted. Retail trade supplied.

MEN'S WEAR MFG. CO.
Dept. 9, 1960 Broadway, New York

"The Fence That Lasts Forever!"

Cheaper Than Wood

Ornament your front yard by installing a beautiful Iron Fence. Our Iron Fence has Style, Finish and Durability, and in cost we compete with the World. 100 Choice Designs. Address Dep't B, for prices.
CINCINNATI IRON FENCE CO. (Incorporated)
FREE Catalogue. CINCINNATI, OHIO.
AGENTS WANTED in every town. EASY TO SELL

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

"Visible" Typewriters, factory rebuilt and all other makes **sold or rented anywhere** at ¼ to ½ mfrs. prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Cata. D.
Typewriter Emporium, 31-34 Lake St., Chicago

relating to the interpretation of the Federal or State Constitution or a very large sum of money. The chief reason for allowing appeals at all is to enable the higher courts to lay down general principles of the law for the benefit and guidance of the community at large. The great body of litigation involves only points of great refinement as applied to the concrete cases between particular litigants. As pointed out by President Taft in many public addresses, there should be a mandatory reduction of court costs and fees.

Our calendars should be disburdened of that tremendous fraction of litigation arising out of damage suits by employees against public service corporations, which might well be settled through official arbitrators and without resort to jury trial. Such a system is in vogue in England and has been successfully incorporated in Massachusetts. Appellate courts are in general too ready to reverse cases for errors discernible only by the microscopic vision of a technically analytical mind. Reversals of cases based on anything but substantial ground disgust common-sense and lead business men to distrust the machinery of the courts as a means for the settlement of their own controversies. The great thing is to know where one stands, to find out whether one is in the right or is in the wrong, and to ascertain what his immediate duty may be. It will do us no good to find out five years from now what we should do tomorrow. "It is almost of as much importance that the court of first instance should decide promptly as that it should decide right." Referring once more to those words of Taft when a judge, one recalls the famous utterance of Napoleon to the codifiers of the civil law when they appealed to him upon some difficult question: "Messieurs, it makes very little difference *what* you decide, but it matters vastly that you *do* decide."

Lastly, lawyers themselves are largely responsible for the conditions of which they are the chief critics. They are too much disposed to regard their clients as created for them rather than themselves as created for their clients, and are apt to be intellectually in the condition which the writer's athletic instructor informed him that he was undoubtedly in when, having inquired his age, he remarked: "Thirty-three! Gee, you'll never get any thinner; you're set." The larger part of the elder members of the bar have acquired from business necessity a conservatism that is apt to obstruct the adoption of new and entirely proper remedies for the defects in our procedure so obvious to the layman. One is apt to feel as did the judge in the old anecdote about the bombastic lawyer. "Your Honor," said the old barrister, after having harangued the court on a minor question of law for upward of an hour, "if I may be pardoned for taking time——" "Sir," interposed the judge, "you are not merely taking time; you are trespassing on eternity."

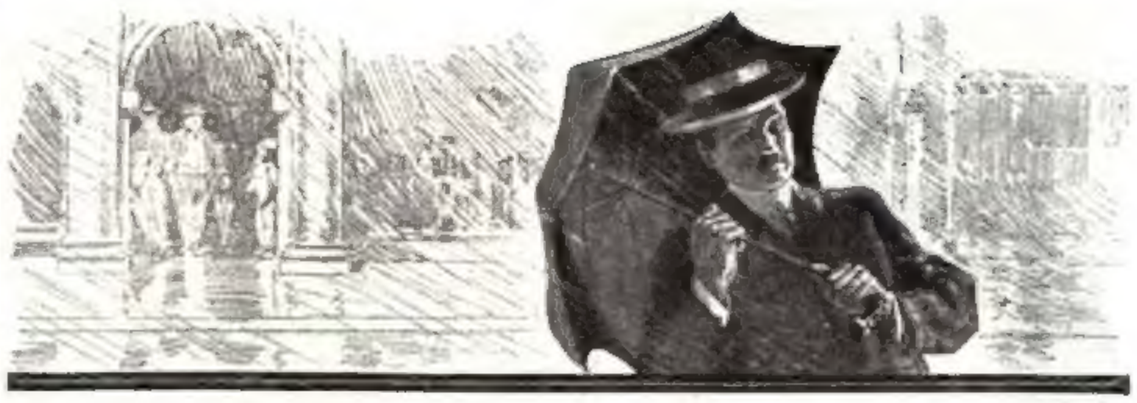
The Gothamite

The Spring is coming up Broadway
In all its old-time tinsel dight,
With lures of country fields by day
And rural lovers' lanes at night;
It whispers of the evening star
Aglow ere yet the sun goes down,
Of lyric scents and birds that are
Impossible in town.

I like the country well enough,
But not enough to venture there;
New York has lanes to spare for love,
And grass is green in Union Square.
Against the glowing evening star
No criticism have I heard—
But then the lights are brighter far
From Thirty-fifth to Fifty-third.

While human nightingales are free
In spotlight and Parisian gown,
Not all the feathered birds that be
Can tempt my taxi out of town;
I love the scented April rains
In field and fen aflush for May,
But Spring, though sweet in wooded lanes,
Is sweeter on Broadway.

—Reginald Wright Kauffman.



Greater Value in Men's Clothes—

It isn't what you *pay* that makes value—it's what you *get*—and the kind of service and satisfaction it gives.

When you buy a suit of clothes a large part of the price you pay is for fit and that subtle something called *style*. This you will admit is true.

In this connection here's a point to consider:

In the ordinary suit, style and fit disappear with the first shower. The dampness shrinks and wrinkles and warps the garments all out of shape. The money paid to secure style and fit has been wasted.

This is true regarding most clothes. In

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments

style and fit are permanent. Because every bit of the shrink tendency is removed from the cloth by our exclusive Kaufman "Pre-Shrinking" Process before the goods are ever touched with the shears. So there is no shrink tendency left in the garments afterwards to cause trouble and dissatisfaction.

Because of our "Pre-Shrinking" Process, all of the style, distinctiveness and elegance, which you note as you view yourself in the clothier's glass, *are there to stay.*

Because of this "Pre-Shrinking" Process, which keeps Kaufman garments shapely and pleasing for months instead of days, we are able to *guarantee satisfaction* in every garment we produce.

Every Kaufman dealer has our authority to make this guarantee in our name:

"If any garment bearing the Kaufman label is not satisfactory it may be returned and money refunded."

We do not know of another clothes maker who would make such a strong, binding guarantee. For it goes without saying that a garment which is ill-fitting and out of shape after the first shower, can never be really satisfactory.

We frankly admit that we ourselves would not care to make such a guarantee were it not for our "Pre-Shrinking" Process, which alone makes it possible.

Your dealer will gladly show you Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments in any of the popular fabrics for Spring and Summer at $12 to $30 the suit.

Our handsome *Style Book* will post you on the correct styles for Spring and Summer. Ask your dealer for it—or send to us direct, if you prefer. It's FREE. You should have it before deciding.

Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago

Weis Concentrated Filing Systems

Nine different kinds of drawers are made for the Weis Desks and Weis Filing Cabinets shown here. You can combine in either just the ones you need—vertical letter files, document drawers, catalog files, card indexes, check files, etc. Your filing capacity is thus **varied, yet concentrated—assorted, yet compact. Solid Oak, Roller Bearings** and **Dust Proof** Construction make these wonderful values, as your dealer will tell you. We will ship direct if he will not supply you.

Weis Flat-Top Desk, No. 555, "A Complete Office on Legs," your choice of drawers, f. o. b. Monroe **$19.50**

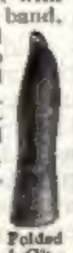
Weis Combination Vertical File and Card Index, No. 425 (15,000 letters and 5,000 cards), f. o. b. Monroe **$15.00**

Get Posted on these and other **Weis** Business Conveniences. See a dealer or a catalog. Let us send you some valuable hints for saving office space and office time.

The Weis Mfg. Co., 68 Union St., Monroe, Mich.

English Knockabout Hat $1.00

Not a fad, but a stylish, serviceable Hat. Would sell for $2.00 in most Hat stores. Made of Genuine English Felt, with flexible sweat band, trimmed with neat, narrow outside band. Suitable for dress and business. Folds into a neat, compact roll without damaging. Unequalled for traveling, motoring, golfing, yachting, etc. All sizes. Five colors: **Black, Brown, Green, Gray Mixture, and White.** Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid on receipt of **$1.00.**



State size and color desired.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Panama Hat Co., 181-A William St., New York City

KANTLEEK

INNER TUBES

Made from pure Para Rubber by our perfect process. Remarkable resiliency and long life. Furnished to fit any size and any make of outer casing. No old stock deteriorated by storage. Every tube shipped new and fresh direct from the factory to the user. *Send for descriptive folders and price list.*

Agents Wanted in every city and town. Write for our proposition.

SEAMLESS RUBBER CO.
(Makers of Kantleek Hot Water Bottles.)
New Haven, Conn.

ALWAYS FRESH
DIRECT FROM FACTORY

Hanover

$3

Guaranteed It is hard to guarantee a shoe. A maker has to be sure, doubly sure, of the leather and the way the shoe is made, to stand back of it in writing. We do so because we *are* sure.

If any defect develops in Hanover Shoes due to flaws in the leather or faulty workmanship, or if they don't fit, we'll replace them, repair them, or refund your money as the case warrants.

A written guarantee of leather, fit, and workmanship goes with every pair.

We sell direct, without middlemen's profits, hence you get the Hanover for $3.

If not near a Hanover store write to Sheppard & Myers Co., Hanover, Pa., for Style Book and system of foot measurement and then send your order direct to the factory.

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New York City 781 Broadway 76 W. 125th St. 1462 Third Ave.	Philadelphia 814 Chestnut St. 135 N. Eighth St. 214 N. Eighth St.	Albany, N. Y. Allentown, Pa. Baltimore, Md. Birmingham, Ala.	Cleveland, O. Dayton, O. Easton, Pa. Erie, Pa.	Lancaster, Pa. Newark, N. J. Newcastle, Pa. Norfolk, Va.	Richmond, Va. Scranton, Pa. Springfield, O. Trenton, N. J.
Brooklyn, N. Y. 337 Fulton St. 1383 Broadway	2440 Kensington Ave. 4974 Lancaster Ave. Akron, Ohio	Camden, N. J. Chester, Pa. Cincinnati, O.	Hanover, Pa. Harrisburg, Pa. Indianapolis, Ind.	Paterson, N. J. Pittsburg, Pa. Reading, Pa.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Wilmington, Del. York, Pa.

SHEPPARD & MYERS CO., Makers of the Hanover Shoe, Factory, Hanover, Pa.

The Perfect Fitting, Popular Priced

Munsing Union Suits

Sensible, Serviceable, Satisfactory
Durable, Comfortable, Inexpensive

The constantly increasing popularity of union suits is the talk of the dry goods and furnishing goods trade.

Munsing Union Suits
Are What You Have Been Looking for in Underwear

Garments that are not too high priced—that are dainty and fine enough to suit the most particular, and yet so reasonable in cost that no one need be without them—garments that fit and cover the form perfectly, and that improve in appearance and feeling with each trip to the laundry—garments that are worn with complete satisfaction by several million most particular Americans and that are so popular that a daily production of twenty thousand garments is required to supply the demand.

THE MAMMOTH, MODERN,
MODEL, MUNSING MILLS,
EQUIPPED TO MAKE
THE FINEST FABRICS
AT LOWEST COST.

Twenty different qualities, every required style and size. Girls' union suits for summer in fine bleached white cotton fabrics in four different styles, at 50c and 75c per garment. Boys' union suits for summer in cream white or ecru shades in seven different styles at 50c and 75c per garment. Ladies' summer union suits and separate vests and pants in five different light weight fabrics and fourteen different styles, all bleached white, at from 50c to $2 per garment. Men's perfect fitting union suits in six different light weight fabrics, regular and athletic styles, every required size, at from $1.00 to $3.00 per garment.

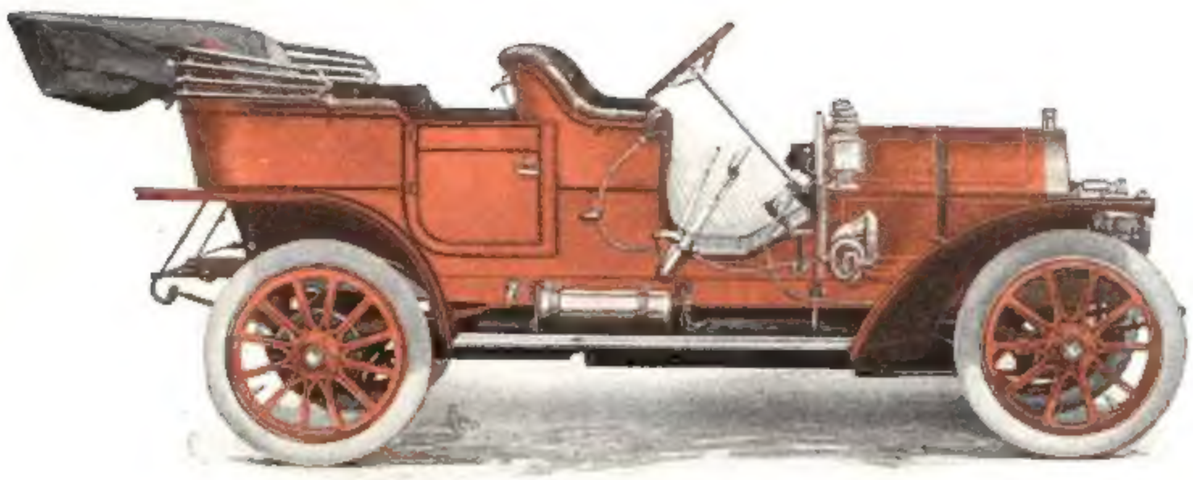
Leading merchants in nearly three thousand of the larger towns and cities of the country carry Munsing underwear in stock. Treat yourself and all the members of your family this summer to the inexpensive luxury of wearing perfect fitting, non-irritating Munsing suits. If your dealer is unable to supply you send for a Munsing style book and samples of all the different Munsing fabrics. Address

The Northwestern Knitting Company

275 Lyndale Avenue North, Minneapolis

Two dainty Munsing dolls' vests, one pink, one blue, sent upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

Chalmers-Detroit
"Forty"—$2,750



Made as
Touring Car
Toy Tonneau
Roadster

Bought By Men Who Know

Men who know about automobiles—men who are motor car educated and who have the means to buy any cars they want—buy Chalmers-Detroit cars. The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" at $2,750 and the Chalmers-Detroit "30" at $1500 share equally in this desirable and convincing patronage.

Certain men by education, training and natural bent are better fitted than other men to judge of a motor car.

Engineers and mechanical experts are such men, because a motor car is a piece of machinery—one of the most wonderful and delicate—and yet when right, the strongest and most durable—built by men.

Mr. George H. Helvey, of Hamilton, Ohio, the designer of the famous Corliss engine, owns a Chalmers-Detroit car. No engine is better known than the Corliss; no designer enjoys a wider fame than does Mr. Helvey. No automobile salesman could tell Mr. Helvey anything about a motor car. He knows. He examines all of them for himself. With all the expert knowledge anyone could have at his command, would he invest money in a car that he did not know to be the best?

* * *

At the head of the Inventions Department of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, in Detroit, is Mr. J. G. Vincent. Outside of the automobile industry there is probably no man in the country better fitted to judge motor cars than is Mr. Vincent. He owns and drives a Chalmers-Detroit car. Read what he says of it: "The car is a great hill climber and gets over the road as fast as anyone wants to ride. I have driven it 10,000 miles, and it has always come through in splendid shape. The oiling system is the most effective I have ever seen."

Mr. Joseph Boyer, president of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, is not only a mechanical expert, a factory organizer, but one of the ablest business men in the country. He also drives a Chalmers-Detroit. He owns several cars, but the Chalmers-Detroit is the only one he uses personally.

* * *

Mr. John B. Herreshoff, who has won international renown as the designer of the yachts which have successfully defended the America Cup, purchased a Chalmers-Detroit car at the New York Show, after examining many. Before he placed his order he asked searching questions about every detail of the car. After placing his order, he wrote a letter in which he said: "It is the best car for the money that has yet been placed on the market."

* * *

The president of the Welch Motor Car Company, of New York, Mr. L. H. Perlman, owns a Chalmers-Detroit car. So does Mr. N. Platt, president of the Baker Electric Vehicle Company.

These gentlemen are in the motor car business. They know it from the inside. Each, of course, drives cars of his own make, but each wanted other cars for special purposes, and they selected Chalmers-Detroit cars as best suited to those purposes.

With a garage full of his big, high-powered, handsome-looking Welch cars, Mr. Perlman says he still felt like the man who, surrounded by many cases of old wine, yet found himself thirsting for a glass of water. He wanted a light car, yet one with plenty of power—and one with style—so he purchased a Chalmers-Detroit "30."

Mr. Platt needed a gasoline car for heavy, fast road work, to which his aristocratic electrics are not suited. Hence his purchase of a Chalmers-Detroit.

* * *

Perhaps no automobile expert is better known than Joe Tracy. When considering the Chalmers-Detroit agency for New York City, the Carl H. Page Company employed Joe Tracy to test out the new Chalmers-Detroit model. He gave it such a testing as no other car ever got. For hours he tried in every way he could devise, without going into a ditch, to break the car down, to choke and overheat the engine.

On the strength of his report, the Carl H. Page Company invested a half million dollars in the New York agency. So far this year they have sold more than 400 cars.

* * *

Now, when cars are sold to such men as are mentioned here, they sell themselves.

Men who are engineers, technical experts—men who are in the motor car business themselves—buy on the strength of their own sufficient knowledge. You could not mislead them, if you wanted to. They would catch you up.

Unless cars are good enough just to sell themselves, they will not be sold to such men as these.

* * *

Men who can afford any car are proud to own the medium-priced Chalmers-Detroits.

Some one has said the name of John S. Huyler is as well known as that of the President of the United States. Be that as it may, the world's richest candy maker owns a Chalmers-Detroit car.

Among other well known men of wealth who are owners of Chalmers-Detroit cars may be mentioned A. R. Shattuck, ex-president of the Automobile Club of America; William Sittenham, O. J. Gude, W. S. Banta, John F. O'Rourke, who built the New York Subway and Hudson River Tunnel; W. E. Harmon, Charles Hathaway, Ezra A. Fitch, of the firm which furnished most of President Roosevelt's African outfit; Craig Colgate, Percy Rockefeller, Arthur Brisbane, the editor; Douglas Robinson, and Dr. Lee De Forest, of Wireless Telegraphy fame.

All over the country a similar story could be told. Men with the means to own any car find all that they want in the medium-priced Chalmers-Detroits.

Such men do not buy medium-priced cars because they have to. They buy them because they are convinced of their great value, at the price.

These men have owned many cars. They know a lot about automobiles from experience. If they do not care to trust their own knowledge, they employ engineers to make careful examinations for them.

They know the reputation of the man who designed Chalmers-Detroit cars. They know he has always designed Successes. They are "automobile wise." They know just what they are getting when they buy.

All that you can want in a motor car you get in a Chalmers-Detroit, at a medium price. Plenty of speed, plenty of power, quietness, low upkeep, beauty and long life.

We would like to give you the reasons why men such as are named on this page buy Chalmers-Detroit cars. Won't you kindly give us the opportunity by mailing the coupon today?

Chalmers-Detroit "30"—$1500
Made as Touring Car, Tourabout, Roadster

A Memo to Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Please send catalog to

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

County..... *State*.....

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

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